

THE BOURBON NEWS.

CHAMP & MILLER, Editors and Owners.

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SEVENTEENTH YEAR.

PARIS, BOURBON CO., KY., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1897.

NO. 73.

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We will for the next 30 days offer Special Low Prices on

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THE \$15,000 FUTURITY, TUESDAY, OCTOBER 5.
THE \$5,000 TRANSYLVANIA, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 7.

One or more big stakes daily.

All the crack horses.

Half fare on all railroads.

Liberati and his famous band.

The World's Greatest Meeting.

P. P. JOHNSTON, President.

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PIANO.**



Piano Playing Made Easy

To play music in any key other than that in which it is written is difficult for most performers.

Norris & Hyde Pianos

instantly transpose any song to suit any voice. They are the *only* pianos which transpose a full chromatic octave. With them any player can just as easily play any piece in any or all other keys as in the original key, and any singer can sing any song in exactly that key in which the voice sounds best. Instrumentalists may play in any key easiest for them.

This adds great value to these instruments, which are also superior in all other respects. They suit the most exacting critic, and are indorsed by prominent musicians everywhere. Any child can operate the Movable Key-board, and it cannot be gotten out of order. While pre-eminent instruments for the home, voice teachers, singers, churches, schools, and theaters, find them an indispensable convenience. Our Catalogue No. tells all about them. Send for it free.

We are also Sole Representatives for the Celebrated Steinway Pianos.
ERNEST URCHS & CO., 121 and 123 West Fourth St., CINCINNATI.

CHESAPEAKE & OHIO RY. TIME TABLE.

EAST BOUND.	
Ar Louisville.....	8:30am 6:00pm
Ar Lexington.....	11:15am 8:40pm
Ar Winchester.....	11:25am 8:50pm
Ar Mt. Sterling.....	11:50am 9:20pm
Ar Washington.....	12:25pm 9:50pm
Ar Philadelphia.....	1:05pm 10:30pm
Ar New York.....	12:40pm 11:05pm
WEST BOUND.	
Ar Winchester.....	7:30am 4:50pm
Ar Lexington.....	8:00am 5:20pm
Ar Frankfort.....	9:11am 6:30pm
Ar Shelbyville.....	10:01am 7:20pm
Ar Louisville.....	11:00am 8:15pm
Trains marked thus + run daily except Sunday; other trains run daily.	
Through Sleepers between Louisville, Lexington and New York without change.	
For rates, Sleeping Car reservations or any information call on	
F. B. CARR,	
Agent L. & N. R. R.,	
or, GEORGE W. BARNEY,	
Div. Pass Agent,	
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**H. A. SMITH,
DENTIST.**

Office over G. S. Varden & Co.

Office Hours : 8 to 12 a. m.; 1 to 5 p. m.

MILLERSBURG.

News Notes Gathered In And About The Town.

See fifth page for notice of Collier-Long wedding.

Mr. J. Will Clarke is clerking for Corrington & Smedley.

Mr. Denis Dandon, of Paris, was here Wednesday on business.

Miss Jennie M. Purnell was the guest of relatives in Paris, this week.

Mrs. Lewis Rogers and babe were guests of Mr. J. G. Allen, Tuesday.

McClintock & McFutry shipped a car of cattle and sheep, Wednesday.

Miss Anna Conway's parrot was killed by dove hunters, near Shawban Station.

Mrs. T. P. Wadell and babe left Wednesday to visit relatives at Bardstown.

Mr. Jos. Perry, of Mason, was here Monday as a guest of Mr. Perry Jefferson.

Miss Edna Hunter and Miss Elizabeth Best, of Mason, are guests of relatives here.

Miss Meek Moore, of Cynthiana, is the guest of Miss Bessie Redmon, near town.

J. F. Barbee sold to J. H. Groom, of Texas, six head of pedigreed short-horns, this week.

Mrs. B. B. Hensley, of Butler, is the guest of Dr. Chas. Mathers and wife, near town.

Mr. Caleb Corrington went to Cincinnati, Wednesday to buy a few extra Fall goods.

Mr. Robt. Howe, of Covington, is visiting his daughter, Mrs. Jas. Miller, near town.

Mrs. Mason Talbott, nee Hillock, well-known here, died near Headquarters, last week.

Mr. Ben Best, of Walnut Hills, Cincinnati, was the guest of relatives here, this week.

Misses Pearl Burnside and Bessie Wood, of Stanford, are guests of Miss Lucile Allen.

Mr. Perry Jefferson was struck in the breast by a tobacco sweep, Tuesday, and badly hurt.

E. P. Bean, Jr., of the Pickett Warehouse, Louisville, was here Wednesday on business.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Carpenter have returned from the Germantown fair and a visit with relatives.

Mr. Ed Wilson and wife are guests of Mr. Abe Reese, near Ewing, and will attend the fair this week.

Mrs. Henry Patterson was summoned to Lexington, yesterday, to see her mother, who is very ill.

Mrs. Mollie Slack, of Maysville, was the guest of Mr. John Peed and family, Tuesday and Wednesday.

Miss Virginia Hutchcraft returned Monday, and will spend the winter with Dr. and Mrs. W. M. Miller.

Russell McClintock returned to Lexington Wednesday, after a several weeks' visit here with relatives.

Mrs. Hettie Brown stepped on a nail and seriously hurt her foot and came near having lockjaw as a result.

Miss May Walker, of Wedonia, Mason County, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Dave Conway, at Hotel Conway.

Mrs. Jas. F. Woolums has been quite ill for several days, and her sister, Mrs. Jas. Cummings, of Maysville, is with her.

Elder S. H. Creighton and wife left Thursday for Crawfordsville, Ind., after a month's visit with Mrs. Belle Taylor and family.

Messrs. Rush Hunt and Henry Dailey will leave Saturday for Vanderbilt College, at Nashville. Mr. Harry Best will go to Danville.

Mrs. Albert Hawes and three children have returned to Chicago. They were accompanied by Mrs. Alex Butler and Mr. Ernest Butler.

Miss Grace Grinstead, of Stanford, is the guest of Miss Eva Long, near Hooktown, and was one of the bridesmaids at the Collier-Long wedding, yesterday.

Carpenter & Hunter took eleven premiums out of thirteen shows at Ripley, Ohio, and also took seventeen out of twenty shows, at Germantown. They are at the Ewing fair, this week.

Wm. Askins, of Bracken County, was arrested here Wednesday by Constable Plummer, charged with breaking into a post-office and store at Milford, Ky. Askin will be returned to Bracken.

R. E. Evans has erected a saw mill and corn-mill, near the Hunkston bridge, at this place, and is prepared to saw all kinds of lumber; or, will grind corn, or trade meal for shelled or ear-corn. Flour for sale, also. (24aug-6t)

Mr. John Clay arrived Monday with the rock crusher and is doing fine work in the Chancellor quarry. The teams are spreading the rock on the Riddles Mills and Millersburg & Jackstown pikes. Mr. Clay thinks he will be compelled to issue tickets of admission to the sight-seers from town.

Tin cans, glass and stone jars. Pure spices and cider vinegar for pickling—guaranteed pure. (tf) NEWTON MITCHELL

Poor Grade Shoes

Are poor in every respect—money wasters. Our new stock of School Shoes cannot be made better and are money savers. Try us and see.

RION & CLAY

GOSSIPY PARAGRAPHS.

Theatrical And Otherwise—Remarks In The Foyer.

The American Society of Professors of Dancing has decreed that the waltz must be tabooed, because, they say, it is a romp, and a romp is not nice. Great Sixton! If the waltz is a romp, the merry, rollicking two-step must be a hilarious, free-for-all frolic. Go to, Professors.

The New York World says that "A Southern Romance," the dramatization of "In God's Country," a Kentucky story written by a Kentucky girl, Miss Dollie Higbee, is "the first genuine artistic bit of the season." It was produced last week in New York.

Clara Morris, the noted emotio: 1 actress, who recently went into vaud: ville, will appear at the Lrdlow Lagoon next week in a short play entitled "Blind Justice." She gets \$1,000 for the week's engagement.

The Cincinnati Grand will open Sunday night with "The Girl From Paris," (not Kentucky) E. E. Rice's latest success.

A Paris man has seen Uncle Tom's Cabin played twenty-one and one-half times. The play still interests him.

STOCK AND TURF NEWS.

Sales and Transfers of Stock, Crop, Etc. Turf Notes.

Sig. Liberati's land will furnish music for the Lexington trots.

A drought in Boyle, Lincoln and Garrard is doing serious damage to the corn crop.

J. C. Turley purchased 137 1,500-lb. cattle in Montgomery last week for \$10,000.

C. Alexander, Jr., returned yesterday from Gallatin, Tenn., where he bought 161 feeders.

John Pilkington, of the Nicholasville neighborhood, is finishing the stacking of 145 acres of hemp. He has 60,000 pounds of old hemp, which he is holding for \$1.

John, a noted race horse developed by Byron McClelland, and winner of the Oakley and St. Louis derbies, was killed Tuesday at Lexington. He had been ailing for some time.

Bales & McElvaine, of Richmond, and J. T. Crenshaw, Scott's station, captured first premiums Wednesday on saddlers at the Kansas City horse show. J. T. Hughes, of Lexington, secured two second premiums.

An Eastern writer admits that Eastern cracks are but selling platters compared with Western stars this year. Ornament settled the question Monday by winning the Twin City handicap from Sir Walter, Flying Dutchman, Havoc, Requit, Free Advice, Don de Oro and Ben Eder, in 2:05 3-5. Tatal, who rode Ornament, says he could have run the distance in 2:04, beating Salvatore's time.

See the fancy ribbons at Frank & Co's.

WHEN such men as W. W. Massie, an old miller, Jas. Fee, the oldest groceryman in town, Capt. Cook, Eph January and a number of others say they never saw the equal of the Paris mill flour, you run no risk in trying it. (1t)

FOR RENT.—One front room, down stairs, unfurnished; two furnished upstairs rooms. Address, "Box 76, Paris, Ky." (20 aug-4t)

Engagements of Auctioneer A. T. Forsyth.

Sept. 14—Wm. Myall, assignee—S. D. and L. M. Clay's farm—198 acres.

Sept. 15—R. L. Bowles, executor—S. Bowles' farm—293 acres and stock.

Sept. 24—F. R. Armstrong's household furniture, etc.

YE are commanded "If your brother smite you on one cheek, to turn the other." You don't have to do it. Ask him to use Paris mill flour and he will always be in a good humor. (1t)

CASH buyers can get double value today, at DAVIS, THOMSON & ISGRIG.

HURRY-UP on Hard-Time Prices, the General is coming. COOK & WINN.

Consider the Quality

In buying your children's School Shoes. New Fall stock now arriving. low prices, but quality good.

RION & CLAY.



SAY! AIN'T I HOT STUFF?

THE YELLOW KID,

even, can have his linen bleached white, and "done up" to the Queen's taste at THE BOURBON STEAM LAUNDRY. Collars, cuffs, business or dress shirts, are laundered to the acme of beauty, and away up beyond the standard of ordinary laundry work. Lace curtains are laundered equal to new.

The Bourbon Steam Laundry,

W. M. HINTON & BRO., Proprietors.

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FALL SUITINGS AND OVERCOATINGS FOR \$5 LESS

Now than after September 18th. So come and avail yourself of this opportunity. Any one who will place their order between now and September 18th can save at least \$5. We want early Fall business. We will make things lively this Fall if first-class goods, high-class tailoring and low prices will do it. Remember our motto: We keep faith with the public by doing as we advertise.

FINEST BUSINESS SUITS

In the world from

\$25 TO \$30

Our fall stock of suitings has been arriving daily. We have always under-sold other tailors from \$10 to \$15 dollars on a suit. Other tailors will add \$5 more to the cost of theirs on account of the tariff. We will not. Therefore, our prices will be from \$15 to \$20 less than elsewhere.

All work done at home.

JOE MUNSON Cutter and Coatmaker, (formerly with F. P. Lowry & Co.)

H. S. STOUT,

Manager Paris Furnishing and Tailoring Co.

New Buggy Company!

Having purchased John Glenn's carriage works and repository, on corner of Fourth and High Streets, Paris, Ky., we are now prepared to do all kinds of repairing, painting and trimming of vehicles, such as carriages, buggies, etc. We also keep on hand a select line of new

BUGGIES, BAROUCHES, SURRIES,

—everything in the vehicle line. The public is invited to inspect our stock and compare our prices. We have engaged experienced, expert workmen to do our work and insure satisfaction, and guarantee all jobs to be first-class.

Call and see us. Prompt attention to all orders.

J. H. Haggard Buggy Company

HIGH ST., COR. FOURTH, - - - - - PARIS, KY.

MEANS PERFECTION WHEN APPLIED TO

Winchester

REPEATING RIFLES AND ALL KINDS OF SHOT-GUNS AMMUNITION

SINGLE-SHOT RIFLES

Pronounced by Experts the Standard of the World. Ask your dealer for WINCHESTER make of Gun or Ammunition and take no other. FREE:—Our new Illustrated Catalogue. WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO., New Haven, Ct.

DR. MOTT'S PENNYROYAL PILLS.

The only safe, sure and reliable Female PILL ever offered to Ladies, especially recommended to married Ladies. Ask for DR. MOTT'S PENNYROYAL PILLS and take no other. Send for circular. Price \$1.00 per box, 6 boxes for \$5.00. DR. MOTT'S CHEMICAL CO., - Cleveland, Ohio.

For Sale By W. T. Brooks, Druggist.

Mere Bundles of Nerves.

IT CANNOT BE.

It cannot be that He who made
This wondrous world for our delight—
Designed that all its charms should fade
And pass forever from our sight;
That all should wither and decay,
And know on earth no life but this,
With only one finite survey
Of all its beauty and its bliss.

It cannot be that all the years
Of toil and care and grief we live
Shall find no recompense but tears,
No sweet return that earth can give;
That all that leads us to aspire
And struggle onward to achieve,
With every unattained desire,
Was given only to deceive.

It cannot be that after all
The mighty conquests of the mind,
Our thoughts shall pass beyond recall
And leave no record here behind;
That all our dreams of love and fame,
And hopes that time has swept away,
All that enthralled this mortal frame,
Shall not return some other day.

It cannot be that all the ties
Of kindred souls and loving hearts
Are broken when this body dies,
And the immortal mind departs;
That no serene light shall break
At last upon our mortal eyes,
To guide us as our footsteps make
The pilgrimage to Paradise.
—David Banks Sicksels, in N. Y. Sun.

THE OLD SILVER TRAIL.

BY MARY E. STICKNEY.

(Copyright 1896, by J. B. Lippincott Co.)

CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

The stranger turned quickly, wrenching aside one end of the shattered pole. "No; he is all right," he reassuringly declared, when a hasty examination had revealed but a slight abrasion on the adventured leg. "But you, Miss Meredith, are you really unharmed? It was such a nasty fall—on this gridiron of a bridge."

"But I did not fall; I jumped," she quickly retorted, with the sensitiveness of a skilled rider to such charge of clumsiness. She gasped a little for breath, turning about to place her back to the storm as she added: "I was looking for the trail which leads across by the Mascot mine. Perhaps you can tell me where it turns off."

"Oh, certainly. I came that way myself only a few minutes ago. It is about a mile back."

"A mile back! I missed it, then," she disappointedly exclaimed, her teeth closing suddenly on her under lip as she glanced down at her left wrist, her cheeks turning rather white. "I have so much farther to go."

"But you are hurt, Miss Meredith; I am sure you are," he solicitously returned. "What can I do for you? Is it your wrist?"

"I believe I did twist it a little," she murmured, dubiously regarding the long wrinkled glove which covered the now intense aching. "It is nothing, of course, but—"

"You are faint!" he cried, casting loose the bridle-rein he had been holding, and making as though he thought he should offer the support of his arm. "Can you walk to this log beyond the bridge?—Yes; that is right; sit there while I get you some water." He dashed down to the water's edge, where some campers had left a litter with it dripping full. "If you could drink from this—" he urged, deprecatingly. "It is clean, in spite of the rust; and I'm afraid it is the best I can do."

"It does beautifully, thanks," she murmured, gratefully, as she took the



"But you are hurt, I am sure you are."

rude cup; adding, when she had drunk of it, "I never fainted in my life; there was not the slightest danger of that; but I felt a little queered. The water has helped me."

"But it has leaked all over your dress," he cried, dismayed, as though charging himself with the damage.

"But the heavens have already leaked so much, a little more will hardly matter," she returned, faintly smiling, as she stood up again. "And, by all the signs, I am likely to be wetter. I must be making for shelter as fast as I can."

"But will you not let me see the wrist?" he anxiously interposed. "You are sure that it is not broken?"

"Oh, it couldn't be," she protested, although she looked frightened at the suggestion.

"Well, hope not, surely; but won't you take off the glove, please?"

She obediently drew off the sodden lid, holding out the injured member for his inspection. He took the small hand by its finger-tips, swaying it to and fro with a sort of reverent hesitancy, anxiously glancing at her face to see if he were giving pain. "No; it is only a sprain, and not a very bad one, I hope," he decided, in a tone of relief. "But of course it is paining you. You must let me bind it up with water. It will be better than nothing." And he hurried away to dip his handkerchief in the stream, folding it to a compress as he came back.

"But I am sure that is not necessary," Dorothy protested, drawing back.

"Not strictly necessary, perhaps; but it may somewhat relieve the pain. You

would better have it," he returned, in a peremptory tone; and, as though comprehending that argument would be wasted, she meekly submitted to the treatment.

Even with the pain of the injured wrist, with all the roaring of the storm, the rain now developing to a torrent, even with such diverse unpleasantness to fill her mind, the girl had not failed to perceive that this was no clod-pated ranchman who had come to her relief. He was clothed in the brown duck of the miners' common wear, his pantaloons tucked into the tops of a pair of high, heavy boots laced across the instep, the soft felt hat pulled low over his eyes more than anything else betraying his occupation in its splashes of candle-grease. But Dorothy knew her Rocky mountain world too well to think of gauging the man's position by the chance appearance of his clothes. That he was engaged in mining was evident; but he might be a tyro from the east, out of luck and toiling for daily wage; or he might be the owner of the richest property in all the district. Whatever his present standing, there was that in the modulations of his voice, in his niceties of speech, which told of a sometime environment very remote from the rude life of the mining camp. That he was a gentleman appeared to her beyond question, while her woman's instinct had been quick to decide that he was one to be trusted; moreover, there was something about him that struck her as oddly familiar. Was he one of the boarders at the hotel, and had she seen him there? There seemed an assured friendliness about his manner which implied some measure of previous acquaintance. "You will show me the way?" she anxiously exclaimed, flushing a little to be detected in intent study of his looks as he glanced up.

"Certainly. But you will have to let me lift you on your horse, Miss Meredith; with your wrist you must not try to help yourself at all," he said, in a matter-of-fact way, stooping a little to be heard above the noise of the storm; and with the words his strong hands closed about her waist, raising her to the saddle as though she had been a child.

"You need not have done that," she protested, rather sharply. "I could have mounted myself perfectly well."

"I beg pardon, but I am sure it was better you should not try," he imperiously returned, picking up her whip from the ground. "It is such a mercy that it is not the left wrist; you can hold the rein all right," he went on, with a gratulatory smile. "And there's another silver lining to the cloud. There's an old shack of a shaft-house up the draw there, where we can get under cover until the worst of this is over."

"But my father is waiting for me at the Grubstake mine," gasped the girl, ducking her head before a furious onslaught of wind and rain. "I must get there as soon as possible."

"But it is not possible to get there in such a deluge as this," he protested. He had mounted his own horse, and now rode up beside her. "Your father could not expect you."

"Oh, but he would. He would be frightened. I must get there."

"See here, Miss Meredith," he impatiently exclaimed, with an air of driving an unwilling bargain, "you cannot go on in a storm like this. It will be raining cats and dogs within three minutes. If you will only let me get you under shelter, I will ride on myself to the Grubstake, if you say so, and let your father know that you are all right. Ah, you must!" he insisted, as a fiercer gust swept down the rough defile, causing the girl to crouch low over the horse's neck.

CHAPTER III.

They had not far to go, but it was a rough climb, and the young man's first words were of apology when, springing to the ground, he came back to seize her horse by the bit and guide him up the last few feet over an almost perpendicular mass of loose gray rock.

"I would have gone round by the trail if I had known it was quite so rough; but we're all right now," he said, turning to try the door of the rude hut to which they had come. The horses were huddled together on a small, rhomboidal bit of ground formed at the top of an old dump pile, which went crumbling away in a sheer descent far down among the trees, some of which had been half buried in the lava-like flow. At the left yawned the mouth of a tunnel about which appeared no sign of recent work, while the rough slab door of the shanty was fastened by a chain and padlock so rusted that they seemed to have been exposed to the storms of years. By no means daunted by this obstacle, however, the young man coolly caught up a jagged piece of rock and in a moment the staple was broken and the door thrown open.

"If you will just step inside while I run the horses into the tunnel—" he hastily advised, when he had lifted her to the ground. Dorothy needed no second bidding, but once within the door she paused, peering about doubtfully. It was nothing more than a rude smithy, obviously designed merely for the sharpening of drills used in the tunnel, its floor the bare, brown earth, its only equipment a great stone forge in one corner with an anvil at one side, a few empty candle-boxes, a small pile of wood, and some picks and drills thrown down with other undistinguishable rubbish in one corner.

"It is not quite the lap of luxury, but we might do worse," the stranger smilingly observed, as he came back, carrying his hat filled with pine cones, while he was further laden with an armful of broken sticks. "And a fire will help the looks of things amazingly."

"To say nothing of the comfort of it," Miss Meredith rejoined, her teeth chattering as she smiled. "How cold it has grown!"

"That is the worst of this much vaunted climate; it has a capacity for

infinite variety. When the barometer gets started on the down grade there is never any telling where it will stop. The weather is always exceptional, if one is to believe the statements of the oldest inhabitants. But there—that looks encouraging, doesn't it?" he said, standing back and pleasantly surveying his work, as a tiny spiral of flame leaped with sputtering eagerness through the damp pitchiness of the piled-up cones on the forge.

"I have seen the fire—I am warmed," the girl smilingly quoted, holding out her hands to the blaze. "It is lovely."

"And now won't you sit down and make yourself comfortable?" He turned a candle-box on end for her as he spoke.

"But the box is so low and the fire is so high," she smilingly objected. "I should only be warming the tip of my nose, and I am half frozen."

"Are you?" He looked as dismayed as though he accepted the statement literally. "But of course you are. What can I do?" He answered the question for himself by recklessly heaping upon the forge the greater part of all the dry



"And to think of meeting you again in this out-of-the-way place," she said.

wood that had been in the hut; from which he turned to fish out from the debris in the corner a dusty gunnysack, which he held up before him as if dubiously measuring its possibilities.

"It won't do; it is not half big enough," Dorothy exclaimed, divining his idea with a merry laugh.

"I suppose not; and it is so abominably dirty besides," he disgustedly rejoined, his laugh by no means so gay as hers, as he threw the thing back where he had found it. "But you ought to have something around you; you will have your death of cold. I am afraid my coat is as wet as your dress," anxiously feeling the sleeve.

"And I could not think of taking it if it were not," she decidedly returned. "Please don't trouble; I am doing beautifully. It is such a glorious fire."

"But still, with all the draughts in this sieve of a place—Oh, I say, why can't I put the box up on the forge for you, to the windward of the smoke—so," suitably the action to the words, and hastily adding a small erection of sticks to save her feet from contact with the ashes.

"Now, Miss Meredith, you won't find this half bad, I promise you. Come." He confidently held out his hand to assist her.

"But I cannot," the girl protested, laughing at the idea, even though as she spoke she yielded the point, meekly permitting herself to try the strange construction. "I feel like Patience on a monument, smiling at grief," she laughingly observed, glancing about from the high perch.

"And will I do to personate grief?" he amusedly returned. "Niobe could hardly have been wetter than I, I fancy. But—heavens!—hear that downpour. We are here just in time, you see, Miss Meredith."

"Yes," she replied, listening with an awed face to the thunderous beating upon the roof. "And it is leaking over there in the corner—see."

"But it is all right where you are," he reassuringly returned. "And are you getting warm? Can I do anything to make you more comfortable?"

"I am doing beautifully, thanks." There was a puzzled light in her eyes as she looked at him with a glance that swiftly took note of his dark brown, close-cropped hair, showing a tendency to curl at the ends, which lay damp against his forehead, the clear, gray-blue eyes, the dark moustache, and the square-cut chin beneath. It was a strong, masterful face, fine-looking rather than handsome. There was intellectual force in the high forehead, uprightness in the frank glance, which had a way of flashing in light of humor, exquisitely contagious when he smiled. In that smile lay his strongest claim to real beauty, softening and brightening the whole face, which expressed something of severity, almost of sadness, in repose. But even when he was grave it was a goodly face to look upon, a face to like and remember. If in any part of the world she had ever met this man before, Dorothy thought, it would seem that she could hardly fail to recognize him now, even under the partial disguise of his rough mining garb, and yet—

"I beg pardon; you were about to say something?" he asked, as with a little catch in her breath she looked away, meeting his glance.

"It was nothing, only—" hesitating, with a shy little smile that made her divinely pretty in the dancing firelight, "it struck me that I had possibly met you somewhere before to-day."

"I think you have, Miss Meredith," he answered, smiling so broadly that she must note how even were the strong white teeth showing under the brown moustache. "But I hardly expected that you would remember it," he added.

She looked at him for an instant in silence, the puzzled expression suddenly changing to a flashing smile of recognition. "I know," she breathlessly exclaimed. "It was at the world's fair!—It was you who—"

"Who turned burglar, to fish your jacket from the Colorado building in

the dusk of a summer evening," he smilingly finished, as she hesitated.

"And to think of meeting you again in this out-of-the-way place!" she cried, with an excited little laugh, surveying him incredulously. "I thought your voice seemed familiar the moment I met you to-day; but I did not half see your face that night, and that it could be you—of course such a thing could not enter my mind." She looked at him again, as though reduced to speechlessness for the wonder of it, while he laughed amusedly, saying nothing. "Of course I guessed that you might be from Colorado, from your familiarity with the building," she presently went on, "but to think of running across you here, of all places."

"And I fancied also that you might be from Colorado," he rejoined, looking up at her with pleased eyes. Just as she had been keen to take account of his good looks a moment ago, so was he missing no charm of the bronze-brown hair with its soft love-locks pressed flat against her forehead where her riding-cap had been, no curve of the daintily rounded form, so trimly displayed in the well-fitting habit, of the wildrose bloom of her face with its gray eyes, that now looked black in the shadows, of the enticing lines of the small mouth, where pride and passion seemed equally blended. But, unlike her, he would make no reservations; her beauty in his eyes was simply perfect. And he could not say that he had not seen her face on the night of which she spoke, in the gleam of the electric lights he had admired her then just as he did now, and not one detail of her loveliness had been forgotten. "I was so sure of it, indeed, that I hung round the building for days, hoping you would come again, but you never did."

"No; we left for the east the next morning," she replied, her cheeks grown rosier for this frank confession. "That was the reason I was so anxious to have my jacket. It was such a shock to me to find the building closed for the night; I believe I was on the verge of bursting into tears when you appeared. What a funny little adventure it was! I shall never forget how I stood outside and trembled while you prowled about hunting my property. I think I counted on nothing less than arrest for us both if you were discovered."

"It might have been temporarily embarrassing, but you had the check to show that the coat was yours, and since they had carelessly neglected to bolt the one side of the door to the floor, so that the lock gave way so easily—well, they should have been thankful that only such honest folk went in."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE SENATOR'S COW.

A Deal That Cost the Statesman Very Heavily.

When, in a certain legislative proceeding, it was proposed to make an appropriation in a series of expenditures that never came to an end, Hon. Philletus Sawyer, then a United States senator from Wisconsin, said that the case reminded him of a cow that he once had on his farm. He told the story thus: "Once, when we were living on the farm a man came along and wanted to buy a certain cow. I offered him another, but nothing would do but the one he had pointed out. Then I told him that that cow was one I had given to my wife, and that I could not sell it without her consent."

"Well," said the man, "wouldn't she sell the cow?"

"I went into the house and asked my wife if I should sell the cow."

"Oh, yes," she said, "but I want the money."

"I sold the cow for \$20, gave my wife two dollars, and said: 'Call on me when you want more.' Then after that, when my wife wanted a dress, a bonnet, or money to get a wedding present, she would ask me for some of that cow money. I had paid her several thousand dollars of it, and wondered when the credit would be exhausted, when we built a house. Then it had to be furnished. We figured up what the cost would be of the things wanted, and found that it amounted to several thousand dollars. I said: 'Wife, I'll pay you the balance of that cow money, and you can pay for furnishing the house with it.'"

"It was a bargain, and at last the cow deal was over. That animal cost me not far from \$20,000; but it was all right."—Youth's Companion.

Abhorred by Nature.

The conversation had dragged somewhat and she decided that he didn't amount to much intellectually.

"It must be unpleasant," she observed, after a wearisome silence, "for you to be so generally unpopular."

The dude stared stonily and gasped a little.

"Unpopular?" he repeated, his pale face flushing a trifle; "why, I'm sure I didn't know—"

The glance that she directed toward him was not unkind. It was only pitying.

"Nature abhors a vacuum, you know," she said, gently.

The silence that followed was so thick that it formed an impenetrable barrier between them for many years.—N. Y. World.

A Present for a Husband.

Furniture Dealer—Yes, madame, there is no nicer present for a man than a handsome writing desk. Look at this one, for example.

Customer—It's very pretty; but what are all those square things?

"Drawers, madame; that desk has 160 separate drawers."

"Huh! And every time he mislays anything he'll expect me to find it. Show me a desk with one drawer."—X. Y. Weekly.

The Retort Courteous.

Dawson—What is your business, may I ask?

Boorish Stranger—I'm a gentleman, sir. That's my business.

"Ah! You failed, I see."—Odds and Ends.

MOOSEHORN CORNER.

Its Unique Guideboard from Which It Got Its Name.

The guideboard which has stood at Moosehorn Corner, Blanchard, Me., country crossroads for 60 years is famous all over New England, and is visited and admired by hundreds of tourists every summer. The idea of using the blades of moose antlers instead of boards for telling the public the names of and distances to near-by places originated in the brain of Tom Puffer, the giant blacksmith of Piscataquis county, who owned a shop at the corner now called Moosehorn.

The center of four crossroads he put down a stout post, upon which he strapped the antlers of two gigantic moose, one above the other, and placed at right angles, so half an antler pointed down every road. The name of the town and its distance were painted upon the antler blades, and for more than a quarter of a century the town of Blanchard had the most valuable guideboard in the union.

Blacksmith Puffer created his moosehorn guideboard 62 years ago this summer. After his death the boys took liberties with it, and finally succeeded in shooting the upper set of antlers away. The lower set is in place to-day. Upon one blade, painted in rude letters, is this inscription: "Munson, 6 miles." On the opposite horn the reading is: "Blueberry Plains, 2½ miles." The antlers measure 72 inches from tip to tip, and the blades are eight inches wide. Old residents say that the upper set, which the boys used for a target, was considerably larger, with much wider blades.

Seventy-five years ago, when the region north of Dover was a wilderness, Puffer went there and put up a blacksmith shop, getting his trade from the outgoing and incoming woods teams. When he was not busy in his shop he made long trips in the woods. One spring, when he was cruising on the north side of Bald mountain, which is west of Moosehead lake, he came upon a clearing that was thickly strewn with antlers of moose and caribou. They were so plentiful that he said that he could fill a long rack with them without starting up his cart. He brought down several boat loads to Blanchard and sent them up for handles for hunting knives, which he forged in his shop. The widest moose antlers he saved, hoping he would be able to sell them. One set of moose horns, so tall that when set up on end a man could walk under the arch without touching it, is believed to be the largest pair ever worn upon earth.

Charles Dutton, an aged resident, who saw them when Puffer was alive, says they were fully eight feet from tip to tip. If his estimate is correct, they were larger than the horns of the largest Irish elk that has been found.

Puffer soon found that it was easier to find moose horn than it was to sell them. He was getting old and rich, and a few years before he sold out his shop he put up the moose-horn guideboard which has made the corner famous. Two or three years before his death he moved to Exeter and made a will, leaving his money to the town and requesting that the great antlers be placed above his grave for a monument. His grave is now marked by a marble slab. The town got the money and spent it for current expenses. Nobody knows where the moose antlers went. If anybody has them to-day he can sell them for \$2,000.—N. Y. Sun.

HOW TO ROB TRAINS.

Theory of a Noted Criminal Who Did It Once Too Often.

James True, the train robber, is in jail here, accused of holding up a train single-handed. True is a fine looking man, about 35 years of age, and while he has a cool, determined looking air about him, he is not a person who would be picked out as one of the most daring train robbers of modern times. The charge against him was made by the United States authorities for the reason, as alleged, that he robbed a mail car. The offense was committed last winter at Uintah, Utah. Newspaper readers will remember about the holding up of a train at that place, the robbery of the mail and express cars and the terrorizing of the passengers. At first it was declared that a large band of masked men had attacked the train, and that hundreds of shots were fired to create the impression that there was a small army of robbers.

After it was all over, however, it was ascertained that the deed was the work of one man. He had gone swaggering through the train and alongside of it crying out orders to his "men," accompanying each order with a vicious oath and a pistol shot. The trainmen and the passengers concluded that a band of robbers had surrounded them and were lying alongside the railroad track ready to send a volley of rifle bullets into the train at the command of the leader. The robber is said to have secured a lot of rich booty from the mail car, but he was unable to get into the safe of the express car, and contented himself with small articles.

A hot search was immediately made for the robber through the mountains about Uintah, but without success. Sheriffs, constables and detectives finally abandoned the search, but Uncle Sam's men never grew weary, and it is claimed that a strong case has been made against True. It is claimed that the prisoner was formerly a railroad man, and that he was at one time the leader of an organized band of robbers in Colorado. He says that he has a wife and children residing in Utah.—Sacramento (Cal.) Bee.

An Old Orchard.

An orchard of 75 trees, which have been bearing for more than 60 years, on the farm of Henry Davidson, near Whitesville, Ind., has for the last five years yielded a better quality of fruit and more of it than it did a score of years ago.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Three of a kind would have scooped the ark, as it held nothing but pairs.—Chicago News.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

"Judge" Elijah A. Parsons, who died at Towanda, Pa., a few days ago, was one of the oldest editors in that state, having been actively engaged in newspaper work about 60 years. He was long the editor of the Bradford Argus.

When Mary N. Murfree—Charles Egbert Craddock—was a young girl, being barred by physical infirmity from athletic pleasures, picnics, tramps, etc., she would spend the time at her mirror, and greet her young friends on their return, a vision of radiant beauty.

James Whitcomb Riley's father insisted on his reading law when he was a boy; but one hot afternoon the young fellow slid out of the office, and ran away to beat the drum for a patent medicine and concert wagon. He kept it up through the rest of the season.

Norman B. Covert, a 78-year-old citizen of Ann Arbor, Mich., has been converted from Methodism to Brahminism. He is supposed to be the only American convert to that creed, and he has not adopted all of its doctrines, for he will not abstain from the use of animal flesh for food.

One of Elizabeth Phelps Ward's best titles, "Men, Women and Ghosts," was devised by James T. Fields, her publisher. Mrs. Ward's favorites among her own short stories are: "A Madonna of the Tubs," "Jack the Fisherman," "The Supply at Saint Agatha's" and "The Bell of Saint Basil's."

Col. Higginson, with his wife and daughter, is summing in Europe. In his small and unpretentious house at Cambridge, Mass., the evidences of culture and the implements of his craft are everywhere. He is a kindly and gracious host, and a delightful figure on any occasion, despite his 70-odd years.

De Quincy was once obliged to fill up a census paper. He entered his own occupation as "writer to the magazines," but was puzzled in regard to entering the occupations of his three daughters. He finally drew a ring around their names and wrote: "These are like the lilies of the field; they toil not, neither do they spin."

Prof. Langley, of the Smithsonian institution, for the first time in some years attended the meeting of the French Academy of Sciences a few years ago. The president noticed the fact, and reviewed Prof. Langley's work in physics. M. Berthelot greeted him on behalf of French aeronauts. Mr. Langley assured the academy that he had obtained very interesting results with his steam aeroplanes. He will soon lay before the public a detailed account of all that he has done.

ENGLISH HANDS.

A Well-Known Palmist Finds Fine Qualities in Them.

Mme. Thebes, the well-known palmist, went to England recently with the intention of studying the hands of certain prominent English people, her ultimate object being to ascertain, by means of such study, the causes of Great Britain's greatness. She has now returned to Paris, and has given a curious account of her experiences in England.

"The average English hand," she says, "clearly denotes happiness. All these hands are firm and slightly red, and the fingers are square, which is the token of punctuality, good sense, energy and activity. Honesty is also denoted, and this will not surprise those who know how upright Englishmen are. The English women have long thumbs, which is a sign of strong will unless contrary lines in the hands modify this tendency. Now, all these qualities which I have mentioned are good, and those who possess them are naturally happy and fortunate."

Furthermore, I examined nearly a thousand hands among all classes of society—courtiers, as well as working people—and in all I found one very characteristic sign, namely, the sentiment of unity of the Anglo-Saxon race. This sign is not to be found in French hands. According to a person's rank and social position in France will his or her hand be. By means of the hand I can always, in France, distinguish the aristocrat from the plebeian.

In English hands there are no traces of organic diseases. In the thousands which I examined I found only one case of typhoid fever, and in this instance the disease was contracted abroad. No one who knows the progress of hygiene in England can be surprised at this absence of disease. Neither did I find in the hands of members of the English court any presages of accidents, such as I have found in French hands, nor of revolution, such as I have found at the court of Italy.

In what respects the English hands differ from the French and Italian, hands I cannot yet say, but I intend to return to England and to Italy, and to study the subject thoroughly. I will also go to Germany and to Russia, and I expect to make some curious discoveries.

"The usefulness of such work is manifest, though at the same time it is certain that many of the casualties foreshadowed by the hands cannot, as a rule, be avoided. A person who is threatened with a violent blow on the head will find it very difficult to escape it. Still, by the use of will power and by taking all necessary precautions it may be avoided. I have seen in the hands of many young women unquestionable indications of injury through some iron instrument, and as all of them rode bicycles, I unhesitatingly advised them to give up the amusement."—N. Y. Herald.

The Climax of Absurdity. Isaacs—I tried to read you of dem Scotch novels; but, I dells you, dot dialect is ridiculous.

Cohenstein—So?

"It's awful. 'Tink of callin' a body of vater 'a burn!'"—Puck.

Setting Him Right. Greeable—Is that your baby?

Crawdon—No, sir; the possession is on the other side. He is not my baby; I'm his father.—Boston Transcript.

Royal makes the food pure,
wholesome and delicious.



ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

THE BOURBON NEWS.

[Seventeenth Year—Established 1881.]

Published every Tuesday and Friday by

WALTER CHAMP, } Editors and Owners.
BRUCE MILLER, }

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Judge Ward Will Speak In The Interest Of The National Democratic Party.

Chairman Carroll, of the National Democratic Campaign Committee, Wednesday afternoon announced the following appointments for Judge J. Q. Ward, of this city: Williamsburg, September 13; Flemingsburg, September 17; Berry, October 9; Vanceburg, October 18; Hyattsville, October 25; New Castle, November 1.

POPULISTS and silver Democrats in Estill county have fused. The silverites named candidates for all offices except judge and school superintendent which were given to the Pops. The Democratic Executive Committee of Hopkins County Monday endorsed Populist R. C. Crenshaw, for State Senator from the Hopkins-Christian District. The Christian County Committee will ratify the action and Crenshaw's name will go under the Democratic device. And still the silverites kick if the sound money men fuse.

SOME silver papers are making a great hero out of W. J. Bryan because he helped to rescue the wounded from a railroad wreck Wednesday in Kansas. He would indeed be heartless if he had failed to do what he could for the wounded persons.

JO PARKER, Populist candidate for Clerk of the Court of Appeals, says that if Bryan comes to Kentucky in Shackelford's behalf, Tom Watson will come up from Georgia and camp on the silver champion's trail.

THE return of Richard Croker from Europe again brings out the rumor that he will be Tammany's candidate for Mayor of Greater New York. Croker predicts that Tammany will win by 50,000 or more.

AN exchange says that W. "Jennens" Bryan will make several speeches in Kentucky this Fall. If Kentucky Democrats know when they have had enough they will shelve Bryan and the silver question.

K. J. HAMPTON, chairman of the Republican State Campaign Committee, has received another challenge from Jo Parker, Populist, for joint debates with Bailey, the Republican candidate.

JOE BLACKBURN has defied the "thirteen" hoodoo. He has announced thirteen appointments to speak for Shackelford, beginning at Williamsburg on the 13th.

THE National Democrats of Lexington and Fayette will meet on the 15th to nominate candidates for city and county offices.

FORTY thousand mortgages have been paid this year in Kansas. Are the times getting worse?

Awarded
Highest Honors—World's Fair,
DR.

**PRICE'S
CREAM
BAKING
POWDER**
MOST PERFECT MADE.

A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant.
40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

A Novel Courtship.

CHAPTER I.

"JOHN GRAY" took "Five O'clock Tea" at "The House of Seven Gables." "Far From the Madding Crowd" "In Old Virginia" "One Summer" with "Little Mrs. Murray," to meet "A House Party" composed of "Jane Eyre," "Kate Carnegie," "The Countess Olga," "Richard Forest," "Mr. Barnes, of New York," "Dora Thorne," and "Capt. Courageous," who had won "A Red Badge of Courage" in "The First Battle." "In Silk Attire," "Point Lace and Diamonds," "Thelma," "A Daughter of Maryland" and "A Lady of Quality"—though "A Bachelor Girl"—met "John Gray." An American Cavalier, "Alone" "Under the Greenwood Tree," "A Day of Fate" it proved. "The Lost Chord," sung by "The Choir Invisible," accompanied by "The Flute and Violin," made their "Face to Face," standing "A Rose of Yesterday" to wear "For Her Sake," and "John Gray" said "Goodbye Sweetheart," having in his heart "April Hopes" and "Matrimonial Intentions."

CHAPTER II.

"Beautiful But Poor" was "Dora Thorne," "A Woman in White," wearing a simple "Bow of Orange Ribbon," when "John Gray," in "Evening Dress," presented "A Letter of Introduction." Seated "On the Red Staircase" "Under the Red Lamp," "A Pair of Blue Eyes," "As True as Steel," put "John Gray" "In Varying Moods." Was she "Maid, Wife or Widow?" It was "Love at Sight!" "John Gray" was "Between Two Loves." With happiness "So Near and Yet So Far," "A Terrible Temptation" caused "A Broken Vow"—"All For a pretty Face."

CHAPTER III.

"John Gray" being "Beyond Recall," "Thelma" was "A Rebellious Heroine." It was "A Likely Story," she declared herself "A Fool In Spots," she declared "A Cumberland Vendetta" "At Sunrise" against "John Gray" for "Sweet Revenge." Sending him "The Talisman" and "His Letters" by "The Yellow Kid," she gave him "Hell For Sartain" for breaking "The Golden Shackles," "The Joy of Life" vanishing in "A Life's Mistake," "Thelma" sought "Valerie's Fate," joining "The Suicide Club." "Uncle Bernac," "A Fearless Investigator," saved her from "The Jaws of Death," and took "A Trip Through Asia," making "A Foreign Match" with "A Prince of India." "The World Went Very Well Then."

CHAPTER IV.

"A Porter's Intellect" saved "A Scandal in Bohemia" by keeping "John Gray's" "Sinless Secret." "Fortune's Wheel" favored "John Gray," struggling "Against Wind and Tide," "Mr. Meeson's Will" giving him "Old Middleton's Money," "The Little Minister" joined "John Gray" and "Dora Thorne," while rang "Shandon Bells" and shone "The Sun of Saratoga." "In His Home" "In God's Country" she was "A Clever Wife," and he "Her Lord and Master." "Dora Thorne" married "A Man of Mark" and "Hard Cash," and "Thelma" captured "A Noble Name," but is "Wife in Name Only." "Is Marriage a Failure?"

—[Walter Champ in Up-To-Date.]

FEAR of lynching need not deter any man from coming South. Edward Bok, of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, has figured out that a person is just as apt to be struck by lightning. He further finds that only one in 350,000 is killed by lightning, and that fifteen times as many people are killed by falling out of windows, twice as many are bitten by rattlesnakes, and twenty-five per cent. more are killed by "unloaded" pistols than are killed by lightning.

SCINTILLATIONS.

An Interesting Jumble Of News And Comment.

The fact that 'tis September
Fills our mouths with moisture:
Bivalves are here, remember—
All hail the toothsome oyster!

President McKinley watched an amateur ball game Wednesday at Somerset, Pa.

Lutie A. Little, 23, a colored girl, was admitted to the Tennessee bar Wednesday.

Whitcaps in Madison have severely whipped four persons near Freeman's Hollow.

Miss Lillian Cromwell, of Lexington, has entered Loretta Convent, and will take the veil.

Sam and Manford Poyntz, Fleming county men, will go to the Klondike region in March.

Pearl Bradford, a seventeen-year-old colored girl, at St. Louis, is the mother of four sets of twins.

Louis Wolf, a Louisville dude, was touched for \$5,300 while on a spree. He recovered all but \$600.

In a spirit of bravado, Arthur Vanator, of Warsaw, Ind., took thirteen liver pills, and died in great agony.

The opponents of annexation are said to be preparing to hold a mass-meeting of natives at Honolulu for the purpose of protesting against the scheme.

A fight between book companies at Chattanooga results in an offer from one company to furnish geographies to pupils for two years free of charge.

Subpoenas were issued at Frankfort for Gov. Bradley, Mayor Todd and several Legislators and State officers to testify in the trial of Hunter et al for alleged attempted bribery.

In spite of repeated warnings of the serious situation existing on the routes to the Yukon, thousands of adventurers still swell the crowds who are struggling to get over the passes on the Dyea and Skagway routes. There are 4,000 men and 2,000 horses on the Skagway trail, and sixteen vessels, chartered to land cargoes at Skagway before September 15, will add 3,200 more to this throng.

Your Vitality?

The essence of life is force. Every breath you breathe, every heart beat, every motion of your hand, takes force. The measure of force we call vitality. If this is lacking, there is loss of flesh, lack of resistive power, a tendency to catch disease easily, especially a tendency to Consumption. For low vitality nothing is better than Scott's Emulsion. It supplies force by furnishing the nourishing, strengthening elements of food in an easily digested form; enriches the blood, and builds up the system. When ordinary food is of no avail, Scott's Emulsion will supply the body with all the vital elements of life.

Two sizes, 50 cts. and \$1.00. All druggists.

If you will ask for it we will send you a book telling you all about Scott's Emulsion. Free.

SCOTT & BOWNE, New York.

To the Voters of Bourbon County.

HAVING received the nomination in the Republican County Convention for County Clerk of Bourbon county, I take this method to ask the support of all my friends. I pledge myself to a conscientious and faithful discharge of official duties, if elected in November.

Respectfully,
WM. M. GOODLOE.

D. CABLE, photographer, over Varden's drug store, makes fine photos at reduced prices. Kodak work quickly done—satisfaction guaranteed. (tf)

MEN who like a cool, quick, quiet and easy shave should patronize Crawford Bros.' barber shop. Clean, first-class bath rooms are connected with the shop. Satisfactory service at all times. (tf)

D. F. SIMMONS

Of Hockingport, O., Recommends Wright's Celery Capsules.

Hockingport, O., August 14, '96.

To the Wright Medical Co., Columbus, Ohio.

GENTLEMEN: I have been using Wright's Celery Capsules for stomach trouble and constipation for some three months, and find them even greater than recommended. With pleasure, and unsolicited I would recommend them to the suffering public.

Yours very truly,
D. F. SIMMONS.
Sold by W. T. Brooks at 50c. and \$1.00 per box. Send address on postal to the Wright Med. Co., Columbus, Ohio, for trial size, free.

Wright's Celery Capsules cure constipation, sick headaches, 25c at druggists.

W. S. ANDERSON,
Of Peck, P. O., Pike Co., O., Recommends Wright's Celery Capsules.

GENTS: I have purchased a box of Wright's Celery Capsules from James F. Blaser, druggist, Waverly, O., and used them for stomach trouble and constipation. I was unable to do anything for nearly two years. I used three boxes of your Celery Capsules and they have cured me. For the benefit of others so afflicted I wish to send this letter.

Very truly yours,
W. S. ANDERSON.
Sold by all druggists at 50c. and \$1 per box. Send address on postal to the Wright Med. Co., Columbus, O., for trial size, free.

To Cure A Cold In One Day.
TAKE Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c. For sale by W. T. Brooks and James Kennedy, Paris, Ky.

THE INFLUENCE

of the Mother shapes the course of unborn generations—goes sounding through all the ages and enters the confines of Eternity. With what care, therefore, should the Expectant Mother be guarded, and how great the effort be to ward off danger and make her life joyous and happy.

MOTHER'S FRIEND



allays all Nervousness, relieves the Headache Cramps, and Nausea, and so fully prepares the system that Childbirth is made easy and the time of recovery shortened—many say "stronger after than before confinement." It insures safety to life of both mother and child. All who have used "Mother's Friend" say they will never be without it again. No other remedy robs confinement of its pain.

"A customer whose wife used 'Mother's Friend,' says that if she had to go through the ordeal again, and there were but four bottles to be obtained, and the cost was \$100.00 per bottle, he would have them." Geo. LATTON, Dayton, Ohio.

Sent by Mail, on receipt of price, \$1.00 PER BOTTLE. Book to "EXPECTANT MOTHERS" mailed free upon application, containing valuable information and voluntary testimonials. THE BRADFORD REGULATOR CO., ATLANTA, GA. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

The King of Calamity Howlers.

THERE are some men so devoted to Bryan and free silver that they don't want better times without their heresy and their idol, and will not admit that times are now improving. The Earlington *Be* thus tells of the king of calamity howlers:

A man in Webster county, who is given credit for the honesty of his expressed sentiments, showed his extreme devotion to Bryanism and his strong desire for the fulfillment of the prophecies of the calamity howler the other day in the following speech: "I wish the times would be so hard that they would make the chickens holler. I'll be d— if I wouldn't rather live on slippery elm bark for the next four years than to see good times under the present Administration."

It seems that the Democrats should have learned a lasting lesson from the disastrous result of the alliance with the Populists last year, but they didn't. They are at it again. The silver men in Estill, Hopkins and Christian Counties have fused some more with the Pops, and John Rhea, a Kentucky silverite, and W. M. Howard, an Alabama Populist, spoke Monday in Logan county in the interest of fusion.

Reflections of a Cycler.

Street sprinkling by individuals is not so much a necessity or habit as it is a mania.

A century run is a feat accomplished by a cyclist who has more muscle than mind.

Little drops of water
Sprinkled on the dust,
By the thousand gallons
Gets the sprinkler "cussed."

Eternal vigilance is the price of safe riding on wet streets.

Scorchers are like gossips—always running somebody down.

Did you know the Paris mill was running night and day and are behind on their orders? So don't wait till you are out to put in your order. (1t)

FIVE-foot step-ladder with shelf—forty cents. (4t) COOK & WINN.

GOOD times for shoe buyers this week, at
(tf) DAVIS, THOMSON & ISGRIG.

Almost Distracted?



Did you ever suffer from real nervousness? When every nerve seemed to quiver with a peculiar, creepy feeling, first in one place, and then another and all seemed finally to concentrate in a writhing jumble in the brain, and you become irritable, fretful and peevish; to be followed by an impotent, weakened condition of the nerve centers, ringing in the ears, and sleepless, miserable nights?

Mrs. Eugene Searies, 110 Simonson St., Elkhart, Ind., says: "Nervous troubles had made me nearly insane and physicians were unable to help me. My memory was almost gone and every little thing worried me until I was almost distracted. I really feared I was becoming a maniac. I imagined all sorts of evil things and would cry over nothing. I commenced taking Dr. Miles' Restorative Nerve and four bottles of this wonderful remedy completely cured me, and I am as well now as I ever was."

Dr. Miles' Nerve Restores Health.....
Dr. Miles' Nerve is sold on guarantee, and bottle will benefit or money refunded.

Your Life Insured—1c. a Day.

OUR insurance is protected by bankable paper on the Capital City Bank of Columbus, O. There can be no stronger guarantee given you. We dare not use a bank's name without authority, if you doubt it, write them. Good health is the best life insurance. Wright's Celery Capsules gives you good health, they cure Liver, Kidney and Stomach trouble, Rheumatism, Constipation and Sick Headaches. 100 days' treatment costs 1c a day. A sight draft on above bank, in every \$1 box, which brings your money back if we fail to cure you. Sold by W. T. Brooks, druggist.

GEO. W. DAVIS

DEALER IN—
Furniture, Window Shades, Oil
Cloths, Carpets, Mattresses,
Etc.

Special attention given to Undertaking and Repairing.
MAIN STREET, - - - PARIS, KY.

J. P. KIELY,
617 Main st., Paris, Ky.

AGENTS FOR
W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES
BEST IN THE WORLD.

SUPERIOR —AND— KENTUCKY DISC DRILLS

Are used more extensively than all others made.

Twenty-five of these drills sowed wheat in this county last fall and every one of them gave the most thorough satisfaction.

They will do the work and do it right.

Sold only by

R. J. NEELY.

Money To Loan. **M. H. DAILEY, DENTIST.**
I have from One Thousand to Fifteen Hundred Dollars to loan on first mortgage at eight per cent per annum.
602 MAIN ST. - - - PARIS, KY.
[Over Deposit Bank.]
HARMON STITT. Office hours: to 12 a. m.; 1 to 6 p. m.

IF YOU NEED ANY WALL PAPER

Buy it now. It will be higher.

Special low prices will be given to parties papering several rooms.

SPECIALTIES:

WOOD MANTELS AND TILINGS.

J. T. HINTON,

UNDERTAKING IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.
EMBALMING SCIENTIFICALLY ATTENDED TO.

THE BOURBON NEWS.

(Seventeenth Year—Established 1881.)

(Entered at the Post-office at Paris, Ky., as second-class mail matter.)

TELEPHONE NO. 124.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICES.

One year, \$2.00 (Six months, \$1.00)
 NEWS COSTS: YOU CAN'T EVEN GET A REPORT FROM A GUY FREE OF CHARGE.

Make all Checks, Money Orders, Etc., payable to the order of CHAM & MILLER.

BOB MARSHALL, a well known colored man, died yesterday in Ruckerville.

Dr. LOUIS LANDMAN, optician, of Cincinnati, will be at the Hotel Windsor, Tuesday.

A FEMALE drummer this week "cussed" Richmond people who wouldn't buy her goods.

A PICK-POCKET stole a handsome gold watch and chain from L. V. Hume, in this city, Monday.

MAYOR W. L. YERKES has declined the Republican nomination for Sheriff of Bourbon county.

REV. GEO. O. BARNES has closed his meeting at Georgetown, and has gone to Frankfort to hold a revival.

ELD. A. SANDERS, formerly of this city, has moved from San Jacinto, California, to Newcastle, Wyoming.

MRS. J. I. ROGERS, mother of Attorney S. B. Rogers, is seriously ill of heart disease at her home near Hatchison.

HARVEY HIXON, of this city, has succeeded Harry Redmon as L. & N. operator at Muir. Redmon has gone to Alaska.

THE Monday Night Literary Club had its first meeting of the Fall season Monday night at Dr. M. H. Daily's office. It will meet Monday night with Miss Sadie Hart.

FOUND.—A class pin of peculiar design. Owner can secure same at THE NEWS office by proving ownership, describing pin and paying for this advertisement.

T. H. CLAY, JR., has challenged J. Q. Ward, Jr., present holder of the Hill Top Gun Club's championship medal, for a match at 100 targets, on the 25th, at the Club's grounds.

WHEAT is again going toward the dollar mark. December wheat advanced two cents yesterday at Chicago, closing at 97½. September wheat closed at 98½. At Toledo it was 99½.

THE Paris Telephone Company has put in three new telephones this week: J. Sim Wilson (warehouse) 151, Mrs. Nannie McClintock (Higgins avenue) 2, T. T. Templin (lumber yard) 60.

MONDAY night the Bourbon Lodge, I. O. O. F., elected W. A. Parker, Sr., E. B. January, N. F. Clark, Wm. Shrote and C. W. Pothergill, representatives to the Grand Lodge meeting at Owensboro, October 15th.

JOE WILLIAMS, the popular constable, has secured a \$100 reward by capturing Burbridge Pore, who is wanted at Mt. Olivet for cutting with intent to kill, and at West Union, O., for eloping with another man's wife and taking \$80 of his money. Pore has been taken to Mt. Olivet. He was arrested in this city.

Missed His Train.

REV. SAM SMALL, who engaged the Paris court house by telegraph Wednesday night for a free silver meeting last night, missed the L. & N. afternoon train in Cincinnati and did not come to Paris. He went to the Central station instead of the Fourth street station, thus missing the train.

Export Cattle Shipped.

YESTERDAY Moses Kahn shipped sixteen cars of splendid export cattle over the L. & N. to New York parties. The cattle, which were purchased in Bourbon at from \$1.50 to \$1.75 per cwt., averaged 1,550 pounds.

JONAS WEIL shipped fourteen cars of cattle from this city Tuesday over the L. & N. to Boston parties. The cattle averaged 1,550 pounds and cost from \$4.50 to \$4.75 per cwt.

Paris Students at State College.

THE following Paris students have matriculated at State College: Misses Clara Peebles, May Borland, Mary Minter, Lucy Downey, Annie Hibler, Francis Butler, Mamie Neal, Nellie Herrick, Willa Bowden, Messrs. Llewellyn Cantrell, Billy Tarr, Frank Daugherty and Robert Hunt. They go up on the 7:55 a. m. train and return at 3:39 p. m. About ten Paris boys will enter Kentucky University Monday morning. Robert Hinton and John Miller Stephens are attending Georgetown College. Jack Carter is at Wabash College Crawfordsville, Ind.

Ladies' Mocha gloves, lined and unlined—the ideal glove for general use. All sizes, in Fall shades, at Frank & Co's.

Bourbon Horses Win Purse.

MONDAY Simms & Anderson's colt Sacket won a \$500 purse at the Harlem track, at Chicago. On same day Col. Stoner's trotter Oakland Baron won the Manhattan purse, \$1,000, at Fleetwood Park, New York, in 2:12½, 2:12, 2:14½.

Bumps, by Baron Wilkes, won the 2:00 pace, purse \$2,000, in 2:07½. Turney Bros. won a \$650 purse Wednesday at Sheepshead Bay with Peat, beating the sprinters Cleophas, Lambert, Halfing, Hanwell, in a six furlong dash, in 1:14 2-5. Dr. Catlett, also owned by Turney Bros., ran third in the September stakes, valued at \$2,500.

At the Harlem track Wednesday Simms & Anderson's Tom Collins won a \$400 purse.

With Laura T., Dong Thomas won two heats Wednesday in the 2:30 trot, purse \$300, at Crawfordsville, Ind., and secured third money in the 2:40 trot, purse \$200, with Geo. Alex.

John T. Hedges won the 3:00 trot, purse \$150, at the Ewing fair Wednesday with Baron.

Carpenter & Hunter, of Millersburg, carried off 20 premiums on their string of horses at the Germantown fair, and 12 at Ripley. They won three first premiums Wednesday at the Ewing fair.

Ladies' and misses plaid hose at Frank & Co's.

Revenue Service Changes.

MR. SILAS E. BELFORD, stamp deputy in the branch internal revenue service in this city, has tendered his resignation, to take effect Sept. 30, when Collector Shelby retires. The place has been offered by Mr. S. J. Roberts, the incoming Collector, to ex-Postmaster S. S. Clay, of this city, who has accepted the position. Mr. Clay will avail himself of Mr. Bedford's invitation to enter the office at his pleasure to become familiar with the duties of the office.

The business of the branch office is increasing lately. During the month of August \$30,000 worth of spirit stamps were sold by Mr. Bedford.

Bold Turnpike Raiders.

THIRTY-FIVE bold raiders chopped down a tollgate on the Oddville pike, one mile from Cynthiana, Wednesday night. The two men who were guarding the gate, were taken prisoners, but were subsequently released. The raiders also fired into the tollhouse, terrifying the lady occupants.

A gate on the Rees pike, seven miles from Cynthiana, was also chopped down.

The grand jury, which is in session, will investigate the outrage.

Held to Circuit Court.

IKE CURTIS, colored, who killed Bill Talbott, last week at Riddles Mills, had his examining trial Wednesday before Judge Howard. Curtis was held to Circuit Court in \$1,000 bail. He could not give the bond, and was taken to jail.

Will Henry, charged with cutting Jessie Booth, will have his examining trial Tuesday.

In Squire Lilliston's court yesterday Mag Brown and Mag Jackson were each fined \$9.50 for fighting.

Rewards For Raiders.

GOV. BRADLEY has offered a reward of \$250 each for the raiders who recently removed the gates in Mason county from Col. Baldwin's Maysville and Lexington pike. Judge Hutchins, of Mason, also offered a reward of \$200 for the raiders, making \$450 for the capture and conviction of each one of them. The raiders have posted notices that they will kill the informer.

L. & N. Reduced Rates.

ON account of the colored fair at Lexington, Sept. 8 to 11, the L. & N. will sell round trip tickets at eighty cents, limited to 13th.

The L. & N. will run an excursion Sunday from Cincinnati to Natural Bridge, at one dollar for round trip. Train passes Paris at 10 a. m. Returning, will leave Bridge at 5:30 p. m.

F. B. CARR, Agent.

Now is your chance to get a nice home cheap—the four-room cottage next door to S. E. Borland, on Convent Heights, Saturday, September 11th, at 2:30 p. m.

LANCASTER & NORTHCOTT, Agents.

Did you note the cheerful and happy faces of the ladies about town? They are all using Paris mill flour. (1t)

Frank & Co. are showing a new line of plaid and Roman stripe silks for waists.

WHEEL NOTES.

Lines About Devotes Of The Wheel, At Home And Elsewhere.

Foo Lee, a Chinaman, won the Labor Day bicycle race at Niles, Mich.

Mt. Sterling cyclists gave a parade last Thursday night. There were fifty riders in line.

The Lexington men who rode in the Labor Day road race from Lexington to Covington are not satisfied with the decision of the judges in awarding the race to Leo Langfels, of Covington, and a formal protest will probably be made. At least a full investigation will be asked for.

PERSONAL MENTION.

COMERS AND GOERS OBSERVED BY THE NEWS MAN.

Notes Hastily Jotted On The Streets, At The Depots, In The Hotel Lobbies And Elsewhere.

—C. C. Clarke attended the Ewing fair yesterday.

—Mrs. Maggie Waller spent Wednesday in Lexington.

—Mrs. Mattie McCarney is visiting relatives in Midway.

—Mrs. Cornay Watson arrived home yesterday from New York.

—Mr. Robt. C. Talbott returned Wednesday from Northern Michigan.

—Messrs John C. Clay and Harry B. Clay were in Lexington yesterday.

—Miss Eddie Spears is spending a few days with relatives in Lexington.

—Rev. Dr. E. H. Rutherford has returned from Warm Springs, Virginia.

—Mr. Amos Turney arrived home last night from the Sheepshead Bay races.

—Mr. Thos. Cassell, of Lexington, was in the city Wednesday greeting his old friends.

—Misses Alleen and Carrie Wilson left Wednesday for a visit to friends in Winchester.

—Miss Hattie Griener, who has been visiting the Misses Connell, has returned to Louisville.

—Miss Neppie Jameson will arrive home to-day from Terra Haute and Crawfordsville, Ind.

—Mr. C. Alexander, Jr., registered Wednesday at the Louisville Building at the Nashville Centennial.

—Miss Ida Friend, of Irvine, who has been visiting Mrs. Fletcher Mann, returned home Wednesday.

—Miss Bessie Haynes returned home yesterday, from a visit to relatives in Milford, Ohio, and Aurora, Ind.

—Mrs. Catesby Woodford and Miss Sue Clay arrived home yesterday from a visit in Charlestown, West Virginia.

—Miss Emily May Wheat and Louise Wheat, of Louisville, and Miss Mary Irvine Davis, are guests of Mrs. J. T. Hinton.

—Mrs. Kittie Cogar, who was taken to Cincinnati last week for treatment for hay fever, has returned home, much benefited.

—Mrs. Belle Hutchison, of San Francisco, arrived Wednesday to visit friends and relatives in the city. She has been at Tatham Springs for a week.

—The Covington Commemorative says: "Mrs. Frank Ford is anticipating a pleasant visit from Mrs. Thos. Henry Clay, of Paris, and daughter, Miss Nannie."

—Miss Bessie Cheatham, of Louisville, who was a guest of Miss Mary Irvine Davis for a week last Summer, left Tuesday for London, Canada, to attend Hellmuth College.

—Mrs. J. J. Taylor, of Mobile, Mrs. W. W. Hinton, of Covington, and Miss Bertha Hinton, of this city, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. James Hinton, at "Wood Lawn," near Paris.

—Mrs. Duke Bowles will leave Monday for Washington, where she will spend a fortnight with relatives and friends. She will also go to Boston and Cleveland before returning to Paris.

—Miss Annie Clay, daughter of Hon. C. M. Cay, Jr., who has been abroad since the latter part of May with a party of Baltimore friends, arrived home yesterday well and hearty. She had a most delightful trip.

—Messrs. T. H. Tarr and Thos. Wilmoth left Wednesday evening for a trip to Chicago. Mr. Tarr will return this week, but Mr. Wilmoth will remain about a fortnight.

—The Lexington Leader says: Mrs. Ed Tipton and children, who have been visiting Mrs. Horace Wilson for several days, have rented a house in Elsmere Park. Mr. Tipton is expected home about the first of October, when the racing season in Montana will have closed.

—Will Kenney, who has been connected with the racing interests at Anaconda, Montana, arrived home yesterday. Frank Kenney, who was also connected with the racing association, has gone to California with Johnny Campbell the turfman. Both are well pleased with the West.

—Miss Emma Miller, who has been spending the Summer in the West, arrived home Tuesday. She had an exceedingly pleasant trip, visiting Mr. and Mrs. David Depue, near Salt Lake City, and stopping for several weeks with relatives in Missouri. Miss Miller also enjoyed an outing trip to the mountains with a camping party, chaperoned by Mrs. Depue.

Frank & Co. keep constantly on hand all sizes in the following well-known brands of corsets: Her Majesty's, P. D. J. B. R. & G., Thompson's Glove Fitting, and the Ferris Good-Sense Corset-Waist, for ladies, misses and children.

"Purity" is the name. You have it when you use the first grade of Paris mill flour. (1t)

NUPTIAL KNOTS.

Engagements, Announcements And Formalizations Of The Marriage Vow.

John De Vere and Miss Ruth Cosby will be married in Cynthiana on the 25th.

Montgomery Rowland and Miss Carrie Mattox, of Cynthiana, were married in Cincinnati Wednesday evening.

John R. Shelby, 75, and Mrs. Elizabeth J. Navea, 70, rode on horseback 30 miles to Hopkinsville, yesterday, and were married.

The engagement is announced of Mr. Chas. Hardin, Jr., of Harrodsburg, and Miss Mary Potter, of Shelbyville. They will wed in November.

Lee Wah, a Chinese laundryman, at Frankfort, was married at Jeffersonville, Sunday, to Annie Loomis, a colored girl, who worked in his laundry.

W. C. Moore, C. & O. agent at Ewington, and Miss Sallie M. Anderson, a well-known society girl of Mt. Sterling, drove to Richmond Tuesday and were married at K. E. L. Biggerstaff's home.

Miss Anna Elizabeth Guion, who will be remembered as a visitor at W. M. Purnell's in this city, while she was art teacher in Harrison Female College, Cynthiana, will be married in Chicago Thursday, the 16th, to Mr. John Henry Drake, at St. Marks Episcopal Church.

The engagement is announced of Mr. Edward Fennell, of Cynthiana, and Miss Ina Lee Baltzell, of Lexington. The wedding will occur on October 20th in Cynthiana at "Riverside," the home of the prospective bride. Miss Baltzell has for seven years been a teacher in a Lexington public school.

Mr. O. H. Collier and Miss Eva Long, both of near Millersburg, were married yesterday afternoon at the latter's home, by Rev. Mitchell. The bride wore a stylish traveling costume of gray. The attendants were Mr. G. A. Weston and Miss Ella Collier. Mr. Collier and bride drove to this city and left on the 5:45 L. & N. train for a trip to the Nashville Centennial.

The house-keepers are invited to call at Frank & Co's and inspect their new stock of table linens, napkins, towels, etc.

Advertised Letter List.

LIST of letters remaining unclaimed in Paris, Ky., postoffice, Sept. 10, 1897.

Anderson, James	Mans, Mr John
Balkford, Emma	Moore, Johnie
Behan, W. J. Jr	Mocker, Miss Loie
Baldwin, C. W	Moore, America
Brown, Wm	Murphy, Mr T L
Brown, Miss Clara	Parson, Mr Elmer
Butler, Mrs Kate	Poynter, Mrs Helen
Caldwell, Jas	Potts, Adeline
Carpenter, Sam	Price, W S
Degnan, Philip	Reynolds, Robert
Dent, Miss Mollie	Riley, Mr W F
Douglass, James	Robinson, Eliza
Duval, Mrs Stella	Rogers, Annie
Fox, Mr Lell	Robinson, Robt
Green, Mr Alfonso	Saunders, Wootson
Haywood, Mr D	Stamper, Abney
Harrington, Sharlot	Speaks Wm H (2)
Hillard Miss Mary	Smith, Miss Annie
Holland, Mr M G	Talbott, Jno G
Holles, Susan	Thomas, Miss Olie
King, Mr Martin	Ward, Willie
Langham, Mr Cary	Wallace, Wm A
Leiger, Mr B F	Warfield, Mr Wm
Logan, Mrs J M	Williams, Mr P M
Martin, Tennie	Woods, Annie Bell
	Woodward, Milton

Persons calling for above letters will please say "advertised."

W. L. DAVIS, P. M.

Now is the time to select that Fall dress Frank & Co. can show you more new goods and better values than any house in Central Kentucky.

STAR fruit cans twenty-five cents. (4t) COOK & WINN.

PUBLIC SALE—A four-room cottage-house and lot—60x200—on Walker Avenue—Convent Heights—Saturday, at 2:30 p. m. (2t)

COME out to Convent Heights Saturday at 2:30 p. m., and buy a nice four-room cottage with lot 60x200 feet—at your own price. (2t)

LANCASTER & NORTHCOTT, Agents.

Corn Wanted.

Highest market price paid in cash for good, sound corn, delivered at Crystal Mills. J. H. HIBLER & CO. (sep7-3w) SPEARS & STUART.

Crystal Mills.

We have just completed our mills for making the best bread meal. Will grind feed of any kind or way desired. Give us a trial. J. H. HIBLER & CO. (sep7-3w)

Public Sale

Household and Kitchen Furniture.

I will offer at public sale, at ten o'clock a. m., on

FRIDAY, SEPT. 24, 1897,

at my residence on Mt. Airy Avenue, all my household and kitchen furniture, consisting of several handsome bed room sets, carpets, chairs, chinaware, anthracite stove, kitchen stove, etc. Also, a splendid Jersey milk cow.

TERMS—Cash. Residence is for sale privately. If not sold will be for rent, possession given Sept. 25th, 1897.

F. R. ARMSTRONG. A. T. FORSYTH, Auctioneer. (30ag-3t)

Great Mid-Summer Sale of Fine Footwear.

We have gone through our stock marking down prices on Spring and Summer shoes, regardless of cost, which we cordially invite the public to inspect.

In this sale we include a number of broken lots of the very best makes of Ladies' button and low-cut shoes, in both black and light colors, which will be sold at an immense sacrifice—yes, far below cost. This is no catch-penny advertisement but a sensational sale that will make purchasers happy.

Davis, Thomson & Isgrig.

MEN'S SHIRTS.

We have contracted with the Wachusett shirt Manufacturing Company to make to order all our Negligee, Percale, Madras Grass Cloth and white muslin laundered and unlaundered dress shirts of all kinds for Men and Boys to be known as "THE CHAMPION." The superior workmanship, fit and material used in these shirts merits for them, among those who have used them, a position above all others, and the price is so reasonable.

Our 50 cent shirt equals other merchants at \$.75.

Our 75 cent shirt equals other merchants at \$1.00.

Our \$1.00 laundered shirt equals other merchants at 1.50

Only a trial of these shirts is necessary to convince you of these facts; don't buy until you have called on us and examined their quality and heard the prices.

G. TUCKER.

WE ARE ALWAYS AT IT.

Adding new lines, cutting old prices, with a store full of new Fall Goods to show you.

Large line of new Dress goods, strictly wool, 25c a yard. Novelties in Plain and Fancy Dress goods, at 50c; sold everywhere else for 75c to \$1 per yard.

Handsome line of Silks, Velvets and Braids of all descriptions for trimmings. Penangs, Peccoles and Fancy Outing Cloths, 5c, 7c and 10c. Table Linens and Towels, at old prices, notwithstanding tariff advance of 20 per cent.

Notions of all kinds, and in Dress linings, we will save you 25c on the dollar. Fall Underwear (for Ladies, Gentlemen and Children) of every description, at half the usual price. Blankets, \$1 kind for 49c, and all-wool at \$2.50 per pair. Splendid line of Bed Comforts. Full line of Hosiery—one great special being our Ladies' and Children's full seamless, at 10c. We are the only store in town that carries full line of Cephros, Ice Wool and fancy yarns. Westill sell 10-4 Peppercot sheeting at 18c, and extra good bleached and unbleached cotton at 5c.

Family Portraits, life size, Free of charge.

CONDON'S.

1897 NEW HOOSIER WHEAT DRILLS.

Both Shoe and Disk.

Oldest and Most Reliable Built. See them.

For Sale by O. EDWARDS.

Just received: Car of the Celebrated STEELE SKEIN BIRDSSELL WAGONS. Call and examine before you buy.

O. EDWARDS, Paris, Ky.

FASHIONABLE TAILORING!

WE HAVE RECEIVED A SPLENDID STOCK OF IMPORTED SUITINGS AND TROUSERINGS FOR SPRING AND SUMMER.

Our Prices are lower than any house in Central Kentucky, when quality and style are considered. We ask you to give us a call.

F. P. LOWRY & CO., FINE MERCHANT TAILORS.

S. E. TIPTON, Cutter.

We are also agents for the celebrated Chas. E. Smith shirt. Full line of samples.

CLOSING-OUT SALE

—OF THE—

Raceland Herd of Jersey Cattle!

On Thursday, September 16, '97,

beginning at 10 o'clock a. m., I will sell at Raceland, 2½ miles from Paris, on the Georgetown pike,

Over 100 head of Registered Jersey Cows and Heifers and three fine Bulls.

Send for Catalogues. Terms of sale Cash.

CATESBY WOODFORD, PARIS, KENTUCKY

THE BOURBON NEWS.

(Seventeenth Year—Established 1881.)

Published Every Tuesday and Friday by
WALTER CHAMP, Editor and Owner.
BRUCE MILLER, Editor and Owner.

AMODERN TROUBADOUR.

BY RENE S. PARKS.

(Copyright, 1897.)

"Twas on a summer's eve when roses bloom," the words of the trivial little song rang out blithely in a clear treble voice through which the tinkle of a mandolin penetrated. Kenneth Harding heard it as he strode moodily along, and idly wondered that such sounds should be heard in that particular spot, as it was at least five miles from any habitation. It must be confessed that he was not over-pleased. He was unhappy, and unhappiness is always unreasonable; so it seemed to him a distinct grievance that he should be compelled to listen to anything like frivolous gaiety out there on a lonely path which he had sought just because it was lonely.

In another moment, as he turned the bend of the road, he came in sight of a boyish figure stretched carelessly under a tree by the wayside, half leaning against its trunk, half resting on his elbow, while he touched the strings in a light accompaniment.

"She's a darling, she's a queen! She's the fairest one I've seen," he sang gayly, then suddenly stopped as he saw Harding approach and, half unconsciously, as it seemed, turned to the wheel that stood beside him. This apparent inclination to mount and run away changed quickly, however, and he merely altered his position so that the pedestrian no longer saw his face. Kenneth smiled with a trace of amusement.

"Positively, the boy is shy!" he thought—"a rare quality in boys nowadays! Suits his face, though." Harding trudged on, quickly forgetting the momentary interruption of the thoughts in which he was absorbed. That they were not pleasant thoughts was evident from the stern, hard expression on his sensitive face and the moody misery in his gray eyes.

At last, wearied, he flung himself under a tree, and with hands clasped under his head, closed his eyes. He opened them soon, however, disturbed by a faint sound—opened them in time to see the boy whom he had heard singing dart past on his wheel, the mandolin slung, satchelwise, over his back. Again Harding smiled grimly. "Truly a sentimental youth," he soliloquized—"a modern troubadour, indeed! Just the type too. Blonde, curly hair, bright brown eyes, handsome face, not exactly weak but a little effeminate. Quite the ideal troubadour with his mandolin and his fresh young voice. He looks about 16. Will be singing at 26, I wonder?"

Harding's bitter soliloquy ended in a laugh even more bitter. Putting one hand in the breast-pocket of his coat, he drew out an envelope, worn and dingy. Slowly he extracted the contents—a letter and a photograph. The latter which represented a young man with a fine, strong face, intellectual and attractive, was his own picture; he allowed it to fall from his fingers as he opened the letter and read:

"DEAR KEN: Try to forgive me. I am very unhappy, but I could not help it. Indeed I love you, but you are so poor, and I am afraid that we should both be miserable; and Mr. Brown is rich, and mamma insists on my marrying him. So I send you my picture back. I am to be married in St. Bartholomew's next month. Do forgive me, and won't you come to my wedding? Why should we not be friends just the same? Mr. Brown does not know that we were engaged. Mamma said I had better not tell him. Do write me. Your loving DORA."

The young man's face grew contemptuous as he read, with a revulsion of feeling that startled him.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed, "what a fool I am to care—to be made miserable by a weak, bad woman, capable of writing that! Yes, bad. She would be perfectly willing to amuse herself by continuing to play at love with me after her marriage. True to no one—neither her husband nor to me. This ends it. Not another regret. And no more women for me!"

He sprang to his feet and tore the letter into tiny fragments, then strode back the way he had come, but with a different expression in his face. His step grew more elastic, and he drew long, deep breaths as he felt that the shadow had passed—he was free again.

A day or two later Harding was passing over the same road. He liked it quiet, the long reaches of shadow where the trees almost met across it, the tangled vines that clambered and crept along the rough fences. A team was rarely seen to disturb the stillness, for it was "the old road" to Dorspring, and, although much more beautiful than the new road, was fully four miles longer.

As the young man approached the bend where he had seen the boy on his previous walk, he thought it would be rather pleasant to hear again the gay voice of the young troubadour, as he had named him. But the only sound was the musical, mocking, "caw-caw" of a funeral crow.

When fairly past the curve, however, Harding espied the wheel leaning against the same tree as before, and near it lay the boy, sound asleep, the mandolin beside him, his soft cap pulled down as if to shade his eyes from any stray sunbeam that might find its way through the heavy leafage.

Almost involuntarily Harding stopped, and a sudden impulse of mischief took possession of him. Going closer to the sleeper, close enough to note the curve of the lips, firm yet sweet, and the blackness of the lashes

that lay on the clear sun-browned skin, he said to himself: "Yes, he would be a jolly little comrade, I'm certain; so here goes!" and he cautiously drew the instrument toward him. He could play rather well—had been member of the college band and mandolin club; and he could sing more than well, being possessed of a good tenor voice, admirably trained.

"Twas on a summer's eve when roses bloom"—the words rang out on the quiet air. Instantly the boy's eyes opened, and flushing crimson from brow to throat, he sprang to his feet. "Why—who—who are you?" he stammered.

"A fellow troubadour," responded Harding, pleasantly. "I heard you sing a few days ago, and caught a fleeting glimpse of you to-day. Catching you asleep, I took the liberty of waking you with my own song, for the selfish reason that I was lonely and thought you would, perhaps, give me a few moments of comradeship—as a troubadour should."

The flush had not quite left the boy's face, but he laughed responsively and said: "Very well, Sir Knight. I bid you welcome. But you must propitiate my wrath at losing that delicious nap by turning troubadour yourself, or rather, since you are one, by giving me a prolonged exhibition of your skill."

He resumed his lounging attitude as he spoke, and Kenneth dropped into a place near him. It was the first time in months that the man had felt a moment's gaiety of mood, and he gave way to it freely. Had his companion been a woman it would have been different. Reserve would have taken the place of spontaneity, even had she possessed the power of evoking the mood—which is to be doubted, as Harding's hurt had not yet ceased to sting.

The boy, however, proved to be as merry a companion as Harding had fancied. With quick wit he adopted the young man's assumption of medievalism and used quaint phrases in a serio-comic way that amused his new acquaintance immensely.

He looked picturesque, too, as he lounged under the tree, which pleased Harding's artist-eye. His wheeling costume, although really simple enough—a loosely fitting linen blouse of the natural gray color, tie of soft blue silk, "knickers" of a dark gray mix-

ture, hose of finely spun gray wool and low shoes—yet was oddly pretty on him.

Harding took a sketchbook from his pocket and began to transfer the little scene to its pages. But no sooner did his companion see what he was doing than he sprang to his feet, whirled his wheel into the road and, with a hasty: "It's awfully late and I must rush. Good-by!" was off before the astonished Harding could utter a protest.

A week passed before the young architect again met his troubadour, although he walked over the same road almost every day. He was rather regretful. The boy interested him with his frank merriment and a certain unexpectedness and originality in mood and thought.

One day, however, he heard the tinkle of the mandolin in a new spot, and after some difficulty located it. Pushing through the underbrush, he followed the faint sound until he could discern dimly the form of the player. He stopped for a moment to hear what the boy was playing so lightly and singing so softly. It was the "Pau's Song" in Vagabondia, and the young musician was evidently improvising an air for the dainty words.

Harding pushed hastily forward, the boughs cracking loudly as he did so. At the sound the music ceased, and the young man exclaimed reassuringly: "Don't stop, little troubadour. It is only I, and I have my mandolin, too." Then, as he came nearer, said: "Where have you been? I went up to town one day and brought the mandolin back with me, and I've brought it out every day without finding you."

"I heard—I thought that you went away yesterday," answered the boy with a curious embarrassment. "You speak of it as if that were the reason for your coming to-day! Not very flattering, I must say!" laughed the man. "By the way, I wish you would tell me your name. Mine is Kenneth Harding, architect, New York, very much at your service!"

"Mine is Frank Willard," said the youth, after a moment's pause. "You were improvising, were you not? Have you Vagabondia with you? Ah, there it is!" and Harding seized the little volume delightedly, and without more ado began to recite "Barney McGee," turning the leaves meanwhile until he found the poem. He read on to the end, and his companion clapped his hands.

"Isn't it lovely! That is absolute genius in its line!" he said, "and how well you read. Please don't stop!"

So Kenneth read one after another of the gay or tender little poems. He continued until the sun had fallen too low to permit longer reading, then urged his companion to try a song or two; and so the time passed until the two suddenly realized that it was nearly dark.

"You'd better go. It is not a good road for a wheel after dark," said Kenneth, springing up. The boy did not rise. "All right; don't wait for me," he said, carelessly.

"But we go in the same direction and may as well start together. Your father's house has been pointed out to me, I think. Back on the hill, is it not? I thought so. Shall I help you get your wheel out? Where is it?"

"I walked to-day; my wheel is in for repairs," answered the boy. "Then of course we will walk together, as far as you go," said Harding, cheerfully. "Come, we shall be late for our dinner, if you don't hurry." He was beginning to wonder vaguely at his companion's evident reluctance, when a sharp whistle, three times repeated, pierced the stillness. Frank answered it, and in another minute a boy of 14 pushing aside the branches came into view. At the same instant he called: "Frank! Fr-a-n-c-i-s-K-a-t-h-e-r-i-n-e, where are you? Oh, there you are! Hurry up, sis, the Carrolls have come to dinner." Then, suddenly catching sight of Harding, he stopped.

Frank's face was as crimson as the sumach berries near, but with an attempt at carelessness, she said: "Mr. Harding, this is my brother Ned," springing to her feet as she spoke.

"I beg your pardon," Harding began, confusedly, feeling most unreasonably guilty. "I thought you were a boy, of course, or I would not have presumed as I did. I'm awfully sorry."

In spite of her evident chagrin the girl laughed.

"I know it," she said, answering the first part of his speech, not the last, "and it was so jolly! When you saw me that day and I found that you thought I was a boy, it seemed such fun! But I kept away after I found that you came often, because I did not want you to find out."

They had walked on as she made her explanations; and when she ceased speaking Harding said eagerly: "But you will not stay away again? I missed

you awfully those days—my little troubadour!"

"I can't go there, now that you know me," said the girl, demurely, "unless you call and are properly presented to my father and mother. I think I have heard Dr. Thorne speak of you; he would bring you, if you asked him—" for which suggestion Harding thanked her gratefully and he profited by it the next evening.

Some months later Kenneth Harding, making a morning call in the city, was conducted to a pretty little morning room, and immediately on entering espied his own photograph on the mantel.

"Why, Frank, where did you get that?" he exclaimed.

"Found it in the woods," she laughed, "that first day I met you. Thought I would keep it to remember you by, it was so much jollier than you were! Heavens, weren't you solemn that day!"

"But my troubadour's voice was the spell that exorcised the evil spirit," he said, tenderly.

One or the other.

A certain English duke, while driving from the station to the park on his estate to inspect a company of artillery, observed a ragged urchin keeping pace with his carriage at the side. His grace, being struck with the cleanliness of the lad, asked him where he was going, the lad replying: "To the park, to see the duke and sogers." The duke, feeling interested, stopped his carriage and opened the door to the lad, saying he could ride with him to the park. The delighted lad, being in ignorance as to whom he was riding with, kept his grace interested with his quaint remarks till the park gates were reached. As the carriage entered it was saluted by the company and guns. Whereupon his grace said to the lad: "Now, can you show me where the duke is?" The lad eyed his person over, and then, looking at the duke, replied, quite seriously: "Well, I dunno, mister; but it's either me or you."—Chicago Times-Herald.

The longest continued cataleptic sleep known to science was reported from Germany in 1892, the patient having remained absolutely unconscious for 4½ months.

The speculative astronomers are now arguing that the moon is in the shape of a plumb bob, and that the larger end is always toward the earth.

ISLANDS OF ALASKA.

Thousands of Rich Homesteads Waiting for the Plow.

In the mad rush for gold locked in the icy bosom of Alaska, other resources of that wonderful country have been overlooked. The Aleutian islands, for instance, present a field for agriculture and stock raising equal to any in the world.

With Alaska for a market, the stock raiser and husbandman would thrive there as in no other part of the United States. If the advantages presented by these islands were fully known a stampede of homesteaders would follow unequal to anything since the opening of Oklahoma and the Cherokee Strip.

State Factory Inspector William Anderson has turned his attention to the islands and made a study of their climate, resources and prospects. While others rushed through the Chilkat pass in pursuit of that ignis fatuus, gold, he contemplated the neighbor islands, and from considerable reading on the subject has come to the conclusion that they present a better field for money making than the Klondike. Men who wish to engage in stock raising or pastoral pursuits are advised by him to try the Aleutian islands. There, as nowhere else in the country, are thousands of acres of rich, prolific land waiting for the plow and the homesteader. The prospect for the farmer and stock raiser is brighter there than it ever was, or is now, in the strip of Oklahoma, because of the richer land in the islands.

There are 150 of these islands, many of them adapted to grazing, grain and vegetable growing. Washed by the Pacific current, the climate is mild the year through. In the valleys farm products may be raised; on the table lands grass grows abundantly, affording sufficient fodder for cattle. Perhaps no other place in the world presents the advantages for stock raising afforded by the Aleutian islands. There would be no straying of cattle, no expensive round-ups. The cattle would thrive in open air the whole year. The climate is perfect for that industry. As in the British Isles, the salt in the air does away with the necessity of putting salt in the food. As every cattleman knows, such conditions cause the animal to attain much heavier weight. A ready market, with cheap water transportation, is afforded in Alaska, British Columbia and Washington.

There is some talk among a handful of St. Louis capitalists of homesteading the islands for the purpose of cattle breeding on a large scale. In addition to stock raising there is the industry of fishing and sealing. There are about 2,000 Eskimos, all told, upon the 150 islands. They are peaceable, and make a livelihood by hunting and fishing.

Why risk the dangers of the Klondike when a safer and surer field presents itself in the islands?—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A BICYCLE TRAGEDY.

A Rash Youth Who Did Not Respect His Sweetheart's Preferences.

He was full of joy, and why shouldn't he be? Wasn't he riding a brand new wheel, and in another moment wouldn't he be by the side of the creature he adored above all else in the world? Yea, at times he was even constrained to believe he thought more of this beautiful girl than he did of his bike.

He dismounted, opened the gate and with a proud step came up the gravelled walk, leading his wheel. On the porch stood the girl who was his promised wife. A happy light shone from her eyes and the glad smile of welcome she gave him made the young man feel at peace with the world.

Suddenly the girl cast a swift glance at the new wheel. She trembled and then grew pale. The happy look fled from her eyes and a sudden flush of indignation swept over her beautiful features. Drawing herself up proudly she cast a withering look upon the young man and said in a choked voice:

"Henceforth, Wheeler Sprocket, we meet as strangers. Our engagement is at an end. You have shown yourself in your true colors. A man who will not respect the feelings of his sweetheart will not love his wife. Go, I say, and never let me look upon your false face again. Oh, I hate you!" and she stamped her tiny foot upon the floor.

To say young Sprocket was thunderstruck at this unlooked-for and unaccountable outburst of passion from the girl he adored would put it mildly indeed. What had he done? he asked himself. Was the girl temporarily insane or was she only rehearsing her part in some private theatrical, where in she had the role of the innocent victim of man's perfidy? Bracing himself up to the occasion, he managed to exclaim:

"Marguerite, I cannot understand your strange actions. Have I really offended you in any way?"

Offended me, Wheeler Sprocket! You have grossly insulted me. Oh, how thankful I am that I discovered your true nature before it was too late!" and the look of scorn she gave him almost crushed him.

"But, dearest," pleaded the young man, "you will at least tell me what I have done to offend you so?"

"Yes," exclaimed the girl, in a mocking tone. "I would play the innocent if I were you. Buy a different make of wheel from mine, parade it before my very eyes and then ask me what you have done!"

Whereupon Marguerite Hamilton whirled upon her heel, entered her home and Wheeler Sprocket, realizing there was no hope for a reconciliation, mounted the new wheel and rode away.—Ohio State Journal.

A Sad Affair.

"That's what comes of having such poor lights!" exclaimed the guest, as he rushed excitedly into the office.

"Why, what's wrong?" asked the Jersey coast landlord.

"I met a bellboy in the hall just now and, supposing that he was a mosquito, nearly killed him before I discovered my mistake."—Cleveland Leader.

FRANK I. FRAYNE'S FATAL SHOT.

American Parallel to Recent Fatal Shooting on the Stage in Germany.

The conviction of a German expert marksman in a Berlin court of the crime of "pandering to the public lust for excitement" was the result of an accident almost identical in every detail with a tragedy that occurred some years ago in this country. About six weeks ago in a Berlin music hall a marksman attempted to shoot an apple from the head of a young girl. He had frequently accomplished the feat before with success. But through some inaccuracy in aim the bullet, instead of passing through the apple, struck the woman in the head and killed her instantly. He was sentenced for this to six months' imprisonment. There was no charge of negligence or criminal intent. So the charge that he had attempted to "pander to the public lust for excitement" was invented to fit his case.

The victim of the American tragedy was Annie Von Behren, and the man who shot her was Frank I. Frayne, who, when he retired from the stage, had made a fortune through his expertness as a marksman. For many years he had traveled through the United States acting in a play called "Si Slocum." It was a rough-and-ready piece, devised chiefly to exhibit his skill in shooting and in the management of wild animals. He carried a whole menagerie about with him, and this method of exhibiting his talents had been adopted after an unsuccessful career as an actor. His wife, Clara Butler, who used to sing in his plays and act the part of Mrs. Slocum, was for a long time the woman on whom his feats of shooting were tried. One of the best-known of these was that in which, standing with his back to her, he shot an apple from her head, and, as in the story of William Tell, this incident was a crucial one in the play. When his wife died, a young Brooklyn girl named Annie Von Behren took her place in the company. The apple shooting feat was successfully continued for three years. It was done every night, and frequently twice at the many matinees given in the cheap theaters at which Frayne appeared.

Toward the end of November, 1882, the company reached a theater in Cincinnati known as the Coliseum. It had been opened only two weeks when "Si Slocum" was acted there. On Thanksgiving day there were more than 2,000 persons at the theater at the extra matinee. The play progressed to the scene in which the apple was to be shot from Mrs. Slocum's head. The apple was placed on the girl's head and Frayne took aim and fired. As they heard the crack of the rifle, the spectators saw Miss Von Behren fall to the stage with a spot of blood on her forehead. The actor turned, and, seeing what had occurred, ran to the spot where the girl lay and fell fainting by her side. The curtain dropped suddenly, and the manager appeared before the curtain to announce that the play would be brought to an end immediately. Some of the audience had supposed that the scene was a part of the play. But it was soon whispered about that the girl had been killed. The holiday crowd in the street heard the report, and before long several thousand people had gathered in front of the building, although nobody knew certainly of the tragedy inside.

The girl died within a few minutes after the bullet struck her over the left eye. Frayne, who was frantic with excitement, was locked up. The apple was four inches above her head, and on a hat, and the accidental use of a defective cartridge was the cause of her death. Frayne protested that there was no danger in the backward shot, as it had repeatedly been done without serious results. The coroner's jury released him, and he declared he would never shoot again. But after a brief retirement he returned to the stage and acted in his drama for nine years longer, although he never repeated the backward shot with a woman, and indeed abandoned the play in which the accident occurred.

It is said of the German that he was about to marry the girl he killed, and the same story was told of Frayne and Miss Von Behren. He died about six years ago, and the shock he received when he killed the girl is said to have impaired his health seriously.

The shot that killed Miss Von Behren seems to have had a fatal effect on plays of this class. Twenty years ago they were highly popular, and they continued so down to a very recent date. But they have almost wholly disappeared from the stage now.—N. Y. Sun.

Fear in Animals.

Back in prehistoric times our ancestors probably knew fear as a constant feeling. They fought to defend their lives and homes from one another. With the beginning of agriculture and the domestication of animals, fighting ceased to be the chief object of existence, gentler feelings had a chance to grow, and fear was not so common a state of mind. But we are not in the condition of savage tribes. We do not live in fear of ourselves, and we understand that the animals we have domesticated must be treated with uniform kindness. The horse is exceedingly nervous; while cattle do not appear so nervous, any dairyman will tell you that the utmost gentleness is necessary in caring for them. We can reason away most of our fears; neither the wild nor the domestic animals can do so much. The one way to teach an animal to conquer fear is to let him feel that he may trust us. It is the true and only way, for it leads to love—and "perfect love casteth out fear."—Our Animal Friends.

A Chumax.

Dobson (eating fresh (?) trout)—Perhaps two hours ago this fish was swimming in a brook, happy, careless, and free. And now—

Just then his teeth struck a bit of solder. What he said then had better be imagined than described.—N. Y. Journal.

How a Horse Starts.

This was the subject of a recent communication to the Paris Academy of Science. Many instantaneous photographs were made of a horse in the act of starting from a position of rest, and a careful comparison of the pictures, combined with a study of the anatomy of the animal, led to conclusions which are said to be at variance with what has hitherto been believed. It would appear, from this evidence, that the forelegs play an important part in the propulsion of the animal from the very beginning of its motion, and that the breast muscles, remarkable for their development in the horse, are essential agents in equine locomotion.—Youth's Companion.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

—A Wise Lad.—Teacher—"Into what grand divisions is the earth divided?" Tommy (who reads the papers)—"Civil-service reformers and office seekers."—Philadelphia North American.

—"I see that a number of women are going to Klondike." "Yes, I noticed it. I was thinking of going up there and selling potatoes at 98 cents apiece."—Indianapolis Journal.

—Mother—"You naughty boys! Why did you take away your little sister's cake?" Boys—"It's her own fault, mamma. She passed here just when we were playing robber-baron."—Fliegende Blätter.

—"When I first met my wife I thought she was one of the most economical women, in the matter of clothes, I had ever known." She—"You met her at the seashore, I believe?"—Yonkers Statesman.

—A Natural Conclusion.—Mrs. Simmons—"They say the season of mourning for a dead husband is only three weeks in Persia." Mrs. Proudfoot—"Dear me! Persian women can't look well in black."—Cleveland Leader.

—Modern Art.—Teacher—"Give me a few simple sentences." Pupil—"The sky is green. The tree is red. The sea is yellow." Teacher—"Who taught you such nonsense? Where did you ever see such things?" Pupil—"In my father's pictures."—Fliegende Blätter.

—Avoiding Risks.—Gladys—"Papa's going to give me a check at the wedding instead of a present, Tom." Tom—"All right; we'll have the ceremony at high noon, then instead of at four o'clock." Gladys—"Why, what for, dear?" Tom—"Banks close at three."—Detroit Free Press.

AUTOCRAT OF THE ELEVATOR.

All Mankind Must Stand in Great Awe of That "Boy."

It does the elevator boy an injustice when you think he has something against you. He has not. That is, not against you in particular. It is all humanity who ride in elevators against whom his scorn is directed. If you happen to belong to that class, of course the elevator boy is not to blame for that.

He is essentially suspicious. He thinks the whole world is in a conspiracy against him. This is illustrated by a story told of a characteristically morose elevator boy in one of the big downtown buildings. He eyed every man who got on his machine as if to say: "Who told you you could ride on this elevator?" One of the office holders in the building who had been using the machine for a year or more, with constantly increasing trepidation, finally concluded he would get an expression from the elevator boy, even if he were thrown down the shaft for his temerity. One day he said: "Will, what would you do to a man if he would tell you his honest, candid opinion of you?"

Without the least hesitation in the world the elevator boy said: "I'd smash him in the mouth." There isn't another man in the building who dares to address the czar of the lifting machine.

It will be noticed that the class of managers of the lifting machines are called "elevator boys." This is a misnomer. The geniuses who originally presided over the machines were boys, but so many accidents happened when the affairs were put into use that the boys were replaced by men, who are still out of courtesy called boys.

As a rule, the elevator boy has an eye for the aesthetic as well as the beautiful. The Christmas season never passes that he does not decorate his machine with mistletoe. If a man asks him what he means by devoting so much time to embellish his lift, he simply remarks: "It's the beginning of the holiday season, and I like to call attention to the fact." He is beginning to thaw out for the regular annual Christmas and New Year's tips.

It was during the Halloween season that an amusing incident happened in one of the big buildings in the business end of town. The elevator boy was one of those fellows who paid as much attention to his hair and necktie as a club man. There was not a single young woman in the building that he wasn't familiar enough with to address by her first name.

The lower floor on this occasion was crowded with anxious men who were frowning and swearing because the elevator would not come down. The upper floor was likewise crowded with men, who were also breaking one of the commandments because the machine would not move up. The machine was suspended in midair. The electric bells were playing a sulphurous tune both above and below, and dire threats were made against the elevator boy. After an interval of perhaps 15 minutes the machine glided swiftly down the chute and came to a gentle halt. The door was thrown back by the elevator boy and his face was cut by a grin which extended from ear to ear. A pretty little miss stepped out, her face covered with blushes and her hat very much askew.

It was like oil on troubled waters. "Would I were an elevator boy," quoth the inmaddest of the former anxious passengers as he stepped respectfully into the machine.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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THE FARMING WORLD.

WATER FOR SHEEP.

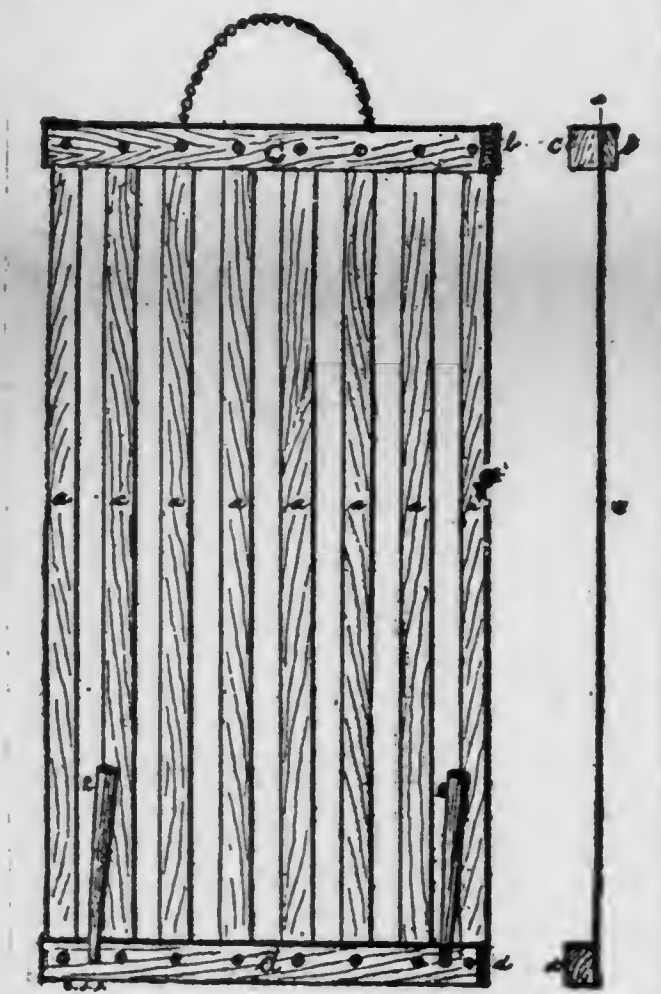
Unless It Is Absolutely Pure the Flock Will Be Decimated.

Water is directly absorbed into the blood with whatever impurity may be contained in it. It is to some extent strained or filtered of what it may have of solid matter not dissolved in it, but whatever is held in solution, and some of what it may have that is not dissolved to some extent, goes into the blood with it. Thus impure water poisons the very fount of life, says American Sheep Breeder, and carries into an animal what may be the most injurious to the health of it. There are, however, some injurious matters existing in water which are more especially deserving of notice on account of their very deleterious effects, such as the eggs or germs of organic matters, either vegetable or animal, as the spores of various minute plants, and the embryos of the most deadly parasitic animals. Of these may be mentioned the germs of epidemic diseases due to the growth in the blood of minute plants derived from these germs, and the deadly parasites such as the liver fluke, the various intestinal worms, and the ova of many tape worms. All these may be taken into sheep in water drank from streams or springs or most frequently from stagnant ponds. One of the most frequent sources of infection is the over-flowing of pastures by streams into which a large extent of manured lands may have been drained, or into which the wastes of towns or cities have been discharged. On this account the shepherd cannot exercise too great caution for the protection of his flock, or estimate too highly those most favorable localities where the streams flow down undeclared mountain slopes, from the primeval forests, or where the sparse population has never defiled the soil with filth and impregnated it with the germs of disease. Nor can he estimate too highly the pure artesian fountain flowing from far down below the sources of impurity, and supplying the flocks with wholesome drink. And in the choice of a range or for a farm for the rearing of a flock, this point is to be considered first and last as being of the most paramount importance.

HAULING CORN FODDER.

Dray Made Like the One in Picture Saves Lots of Work.

The dray portrayed herewith is made of eight 6-inch 16-foot fence boards, as shown at a, etc., with one 6-inch fence board 7 feet long, crosswise underneath in front, b. On top in front is a 2 by 6 7-foot long piece, c, with 8 1/2-inch bolts 5 1/2 inches long through



CORN CROP DRAY.

a, b and c. On the rear of top is another piece, d, just like c, through which and the boards a, are run 8 1/2-inch bolts 3 1/2 inches long. The heads of all bolts are underneath. Bore two holes for stakes, e, e, near the outer ends of hind cross piece d. Fasten by chain in front, and half the terrors of fodder hauling have disappeared. A cross section is shown at the right of the illustration.—Farm and Home.

Preventing Egg Eating.

If an egg is broken the hens will eat it, and it is by eggs being broken that the hens learn the vice, as they never eat eggs unless they first find one broken. The only way to prevent the hens from eating eggs after they once begin is to make a nest with a top, compelling the hen to walk in to reach the nest, and have the box raised ten inches from the floor, so that the hen cannot stand near the box to eat the eggs. When she goes on the nest she cannot do any harm, as she must come off and stand up to eat the eggs.—Farm and Fireside.

Winter Grain After Potatoes.

Wherever the potato crop can be got off in time for seeding with fall grain it makes the very best seed bed. No plowing is needed if the weeds have been kept down. It is only necessary to pile the potato vines in heaps and burn them, starting the fire in a brush heap if the potato tops are too green to burn readily. A great deal of plant food is developed after growing a crop of potatoes. It is largely nitrogenous, as the potato crop is chiefly water and carbon, with some potash, which is mostly found in the potato tops.

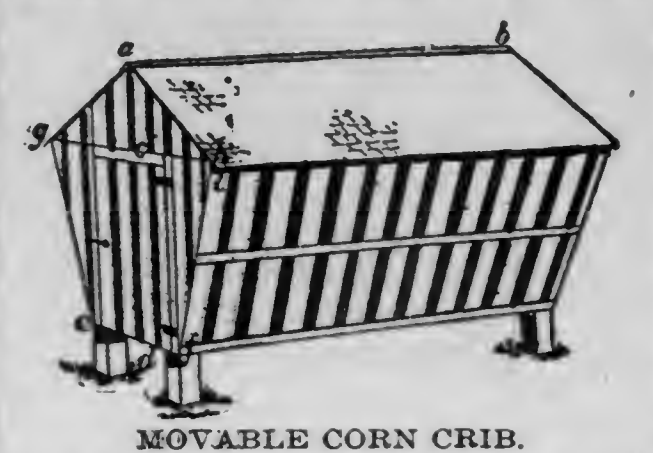
Turpentine Good for Roup.

Spirits of turpentine have been used as a remedy for roup with excellent results. It is given in half teaspoonful doses, once a day, mixed with sweet oil or cotton seed oil, in the proportion of one part turpentine to two of the latter. It is also excellent when used as an ointment for swelled heads or eyes, and is one of the best remedies for gapes, a few drops only being necessary for chicks. It will also prevent lice if freely used on the roosts and over the floor and walls of the poultry house.—Farmers' Review.

MOVABLE CORN CRIB.

Rats and Small Vermin Cannot Attack Its Contents.

One of the handiest things for the corn grower is a convenient place for the storage of corn for hauling, when it is not to be sold and hauled directly from the field. For several years the Massachusetts agricultural college at Amherst has used small corn cribs as illustrated herewith. They are set up in any part of the field or together in rows. If corn is rotated on various fields the cribs are carried on teams from the old to the new corn field



MOVABLE CORN CRIB.

when empty. The crib (a to b) is 12 feet long and (a to d) 7 1/2 feet high, 5 1/2 feet wide (g to h) and 3 1/2 feet at the bottom (e to f). From a to i it is 5 1/4 feet, a to c 20 inches, c to d 6 feet and h to i 14 inches. The three floor frame lengthwise joists are of 4 by 4 inch material 12 feet long, while the front, center and rear end cross pieces are of 4 by 6 inch stuff. Each house stands on posts, is strongly made and well shingled. The door occupies the entire front end, being square; slats are placed across the door inside as the crib is filled and removed as corn is taken out. It is best to invert a pan on top of each post before building or setting the crib on the posts. Rats and small vermin will then be unable to get from the ground into the crib, provided snow in winter is kept clear.—Albert Rising, in Farm and Home.

FARM WATER SUPPLY.

How to Construct a Reservoir at a Moderate Cost.

On every farm where a windmill is used the additional cost of storing water other than that required for stock is little, and the expense of two or more windmills is less than the loss from drought. Where there is moderate rainfall the supply of moisture necessary to assist through a dry period is but little, and excellent results have been obtained by the use of large tanks, but a small reservoir can be constructed at a moderate cost. A tank ten feet high and ten feet in diameter holds 5,875 gallons of water; but as a reservoir can be provided to hold ten times that much at but little more expense the storage supply could be made ample. This does not imply that one is practicing irrigation, for to do so large storage reservoirs are necessary, but at a small cost the farmer can protect himself to a certain extent against drought. On fields of corn that have been grown by listing the centers between the rows were opened with a one-horse plow and water conducted so as to flow down the drains. Before the ends of the rows are reached the ground becomes well saturated, and a small piece may be irrigated each day. It must not be overlooked that the capacity of the tank does not limit the supply, as the pumps can furnish more water than the farmer may wish to use, and as a tank or reservoir may be drawn off and filled several times during the season the amount of water used will be considerable. Attention is called to this matter, as the cost is but little, and farmers will find it an advantage to experiment in that direction where it can conveniently be done.—Troy (N. Y.) Times.

HINTS FOR FARMERS.

Sell direct to the consumer every time you can.

The young man can never buy a farm cheaper than now.

The crop of winter apples will be much less than last year.

Corn stalks that grow unreasonably big are all stalk and no corn.

Sorghum should never be planted until the soil is perfectly warm.

Subsoiling means more rapid drainage and better storage for rain.

The farmer who plants more corn than he has teams to stir the soil is unwise.

The red kaffir corn combines a large yield of fodder with the largest yield of grain.

Heavy rains compact the soil and cultivation separates it so that it can absorb air.

We see it stated that wood ashes and common salt mixed with water make a good cement.

The most fertile soil on earth cannot grow crops without moisture to dissolve the food elements.

The only way to tell if plaster will do good is to try it. Plaster is very uncertain in its action.

The tomato worm has resumed business. Cut him in two with a pair of sheep shears or scissors.

If wheat and oats ground are harrowed immediately after harvest, the loss of moisture will be prevented, until the ground can be plowed.

Five pails of water are absorbed by one stalk of corn, if the roots can find the water, and they will penetrate far and near to get it, if they can penetrate the soil.—Western Plowman.

Painstaking Work Wins.

Did you ever see a cabinetmaker finish a fine piece of furniture? When the material comes from the saw it is simply rough lumber. When planed it is reasonably smooth, but far from being finished; much sandpapering, rubbing and polishing must follow before the job is complete. The more work he puts on the better price he will receive for the article. So with the wheat field; the plow leaves the ground rough, and there must follow much planing, rubbing and polishing. The better finish we put on the more profit in the crop.—Agricultural Epitome.

WELL PAID FOR SWEEPING.

Miner Found It Profitable to Pan Out the Sawdust.

"Yes," said the old miner who is known as a "forty-niner," "I am too old to go to the Klondike fields, but I bring back a lively remembrance of the old days in California, when flour sold at \$100 a barrel, and I got my first start on the road to fortune. Say, pard, can you lend me a match?"

He could, and did. The old miner twiddled it in his fingers for a spell, then he asked another question.

"Have you got any 'bacca'?"

He was handed a supply and told to help himself.

"Thankee," he said, "I carry my own pipe. Now, about this new excitement of finding gold, it was just so in '49 and '50—just so. Everybody going to California to make their everlasting fortune! I was a young feller then, and I blew into camp with the rest, and being a tenderfoot I didn't at first get the ghost of a show. I wrote home to my folks in the east, but it took a long time to get mail service, and when the letter came there was an express receipt for a small package. You'd never guess in a dog's age what it was. I had written home that I wanted something to keep body and soul together, and they sent me a bottle of glue. Mean, wasn't it? They thought that as I had been so brash to go, I might get along the best way I could. It nerved me up to make a spoon or spool a horn. I say, you fellers weren't any of you born then, so you can't remember Long Tom's saloon in Sonora."

There was a general disclaimer from the crowd, and the old miner blew his pipe alive and resumed his yarn.

"Long Tom's was the big saloon of the place, and I drifted in and watched the men gambling, hoping that some of them would need an errand done and send me. I was not in it with the crowd, and I felt miserably lonesome and homesick in that rough, lawless community, where every man was toughened and seasoned to the life."

"As I said I was watching the men, some at tables gambling, the cards covered by sacks of gold dust from which they paid their bets and for the drinks. There would be a line of men at the bar, and as every drink cost 50 cents the men who served them were continually weighing out gold dust, and they didn't always stop to weigh it, but scooped it out on a guess. Then it was that an idea occurred to me that was worthy of my down-east origin."

"I waited until it was getting late, and the men who had been assembled there were dropping off, and I went to the proprietor of the place—the hardest citizen there—and asked him if he would let me sweep out the saloon for my breakfast. He answered me with an oath and lifted his hand to strike me, but something he saw in my face made him change his mind. He said: 'Yes, and be d—d to you,' and with that unenvied permission I went to work. Although it was Sunday morning the saloon was not to be closed, for some were playing who never stopped, and these were watched by a crowd known as 'tin-horn' gamblers—thieves who stole the stakes when the men were not looking, and who were not meddled with, often on account of the terror they inspired. The floor of the place was a foot deep with sawdust, and as I swept one place clear I moved the tables, the proprietor helping me with a show of authority, so that by sun up I had the entire place swept and garnished."

"Well, he gave you your breakfast, didn't he? What has that to do with your stroke of fortune?"

"Patience, gentlemen. When I had swept that saloon I took the sweepings down to the flume and they panned out \$300 of gold dust. I kept on in that paying business until I acquired a claim and struck rich ore. I made—"

"A million?" interrupted the crowd.

"No, gentlemen, but my expenses home again. But if I had only stayed there—"

—Chicago Times-Herald.

Rarity of Congenital Teeth.

The fact that congenital teeth are so rarely met with is one of the most interesting in physiology. It is recorded that out of 17,578 new-born infants at the Paris maternity, in ten consecutive years, only three had teeth, or not much more than one in 6,000. One of 500 cases collected at Magtatt, in which the time of eruption of the first tooth was noted, in only one were there teeth at birth. After a close study of cases of this sort by Dr. Ballantyne, of Edinburgh, the presence of such teeth, he remarks, is likely to have an ill effect upon the lactation, partly on account of the imperfect closure of the infant's mouth, and partly by the wounding of the mother's nipple; they have probably little or no prognostic significance as regards the bodily or mental vigor of the infant carrying them, and, as usually met with, are lower incisors, though sometimes upper incisors are seen, but very rarely molars of either the upper or lower jaw. Such teeth are caused by the premature occurrence of the processes which normally lead to the cutting of milk teeth; and, as they are usually incomplete and ill developed, and likely to be more of an inconvenience than advantage to the infant, they are best removed soon after birth.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

It Is Possible.

There is an eminent physician in London who takes the position that the health of the people would be, on an average, better and the duration of human life longer, if there were not a practicing physician in the world. In other words, he favors the idea often tersely expressed in the words: "Physicians kill more people than they cure."—Detroit Free Press.

How to Talk.

Young Politician—Through what means do you think I can best lay my views before the people in educating them to my theories?

Old-Timer—What's the matter with your hat?—Detroit Free Press.

POINTS OF LAW.

For thefts by hotel employees from guests while asleep in rooms assigned them at a hotel, even if they are intoxicated, it is held in Cunningham vs. Buckley (W. Va.) 35 L. R. A. 850, that the innkeeper is liable.

An obligation to maintain a street railway is held, in San Antonio Street railroad company vs. state, ex rel, Elmendorf (Tex.) 35 L. R. A. 662, not to be imposed by the grant of a mere privilege to construct and maintain.

An appropriation of the water of a spring for irrigation by the owner of the land on which the spring is located is held, in Bruening vs. Dorr (Col.) 35 L. R. A. 640, to be unlawful as against a prior appropriator of water from a stream into which the water of the stream passes by percolation or seepage.

The right of a municipal corporation to be a part owner of property is denied, in Ampt vs. Cincinnati (O.) 35 L. R. A. 737, by virtue of the constitutional prohibition against loaning aid or credit to any company, corporation or association. Other authorities on this question are found in a note to the case.

A "vote of the people" by which city bonds is authorized, is held, in Bryan vs. Stephenson (Neb.) 35 L. R. A. 752, to mean a majority of the votes of the city, and when the vote is taken at the general city election the proposition must receive a majority of all the votes cast at that election.

The exemption of the books of a lawyer from execution is held, in Equitable Life Assurance society vs. Goode (Ia.) 35 L. R. A. 690, to exist in favor of a lawyer who gives some time to the work of his profession which contributes to his support, even if he does not appear in court, advertise as a lawyer, or earn his living by services as a lawyer.

A libelous publication concerning a family in its collective capacity is held actionable in favor of any member of the family, in Fenstermaker vs. Tribune Publishing company (Utah), 35 L. R. A. 611. The case holds that a newspaper article which relates wholly to the private acts of a family with respect to cruel treatment of a child is not privileged.

FARM AND HOME.

When there is a crack in the stove it can be mended by mixing ashes and salt with water.

To clean willow furniture use salt and water and apply with a coarse brush, and dry thoroughly.

Cold sliced potatoes fry and taste better by sprinkling a tablespoonful of flour over them while frying.

Figs that have become dried may become freshened by laying them upon a plate and placing the plate in a steamer until the fruit is softened and full. Roll the figs in confectioner's sugar and let them stand in a warm room awhile.

Gooseberries bring high prices because they are not grown extensively owing to the labor required to prevent mildew, etc. This, however, should encourage farmers to grow them, as any labor that can be applied in that direction will be amply repaid in prices.

A zinc bathtub may be polished very satisfactorily with kerosene. Have the tub perfectly dry before using the oil. Cover one small place at a time with the oil, rubbing it well with a brush and then a cloth. When all parts have been cleansed, wash the tub with boiling water.

A piece of narrow webbing, such as is used for holding furniture springs in place, sewed upon the under edge of rugs, will prevent the corners from curling; moreover, the rugs are not so likely to pull out at the ends when taken hold of too near the edges when they are beaten.

LITERATURE, MUSIC AND ART.

M. Vollen, one of the best modern painters of still life, has been elected to the Paris Academie des Beaux Arts in place of the late M. Francois, the landscapist. His nearest competitor was M. Harpignies.

Christine Nilsson, now Countess Miranda, can still sing, though she has not Patti's fondness for the stage. She has just been paying a visit to Sweden, and sung once for the students of a university town.

THE MARKETS.

CINCINNATI, Sept. 9.
LIVE STOCK—Cattle, common 2 25 @ 3 15
Select butchers 4 00 @ 4 30
CALVES—Fair to good light 6 25 @ 7 25
HOGS—Common 3 50 @ 4 15
Mixed packers 4 25 @ 4 35
Light shippers 4 35 @ 4 45
SHEEP—Choice 3 00 @ 3 50
LAMBS—Good to choice 4 00 @ 4 35
FLOUR—Winter family 3 75 @ 4 00
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red 95 @ 98
No. 3 red 90 @ 92
Corn—No. 2 mixed 60 @ 62
Oats—No. 2 50 @ 52
HAY—Prime to choice 9 25 @ 9 50
PROVISIONS—Mess pork 9 75 @ 9 85
Lard—Prime steam 4 00 @ 4 25
BUTTER—Choice dairy 16 @ 18
Prime to choice creamery 16 @ 18
APPLES—Per bbl. 1 50 @ 2 00
POTATOES—Per bbl. 1 90 @ 2 10

NEW YORK.
FLOUR—Winter patent 5 35 @ 5 65
No. 2 red 5 00 @ 5 15
CORN—No. 2 mixed 36 @ 37
OATS—Mixed 24 @ 25
PORK—New Mess 9 50 @ 9 75
LARD—Western 8 50 @ 8 80

CHICAGO.
FLOUR—Winter patent 5 00 @ 5 30
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red 95 @ 98
No. 2 Chicago spring 90 @ 92
CORN—No. 2 30 @ 31
OATS—No. 2 24 @ 25
PORK—Mess 8 60 @ 8 85
LARD—Steam 8 45 @ 8 75

BALTIMORE.
FLOUR—Family 4 85 @ 5 30
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 1 00 @ 1 01
Southern—Wheat 95 @ 1 02
Corn—Mixed 30 @ 31
Oats—No. 2 white 24 @ 25
Rye—No. 2 western 52 @ 52 1/2
CATTLE—First quality 4 25 @ 4 45
HOGS—Western 4 65 @ 4 75

INDIANAPOLIS.
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 91 @ 92
Corn—No. 2 mixed 30 @ 31 1/2
Oats—No. 2 mixed 17 @ 17 1/2

LOUISVILLE.
FLOUR—Winter patent 3 75 @ 4 00
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red 92 @ 93
Corn—Mixed 30 @ 31
Oats—Mixed 24 @ 25
PORK—Mess 8 50 @ 8 60
LARD—Steam 8 25 @ 8 50

THE HEAT PLAGUE OF AUGUST, 1896.

Mrs. Pinkham's Explanation of the Unusual Number of Deaths and Prostrations Among Women.

The great heat plague of August, 1896, was not without its lesson. One could not fail to notice in the long lists of the dead throughout this country, that so many of the victims were women in their thirties, and women between forty-five and fifty.

The women who succumbed to the protracted heat were women whose energies were exhausted by sufferings peculiar to their sex; women who, taking no thought of themselves, or who, attaching no importance to first symptoms, allowed their female system to become run down.

Constipation, capricious appetite, restlessness, forebodings of evil, vertigo, languor, and weakness, especially in the morning, an itching sensation which suddenly attacks one at night, or whenever the blood becomes overheated, are all warnings. Don't wait too long to build up your strength, that is now a positive necessity! Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has specific curative powers. You cannot do better than to commence a course of this grand



medicine. By the neglect of first symptoms you will see by the following letter what terrible suffering came to Mrs. Craig, and how she was cured:

"I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and think it is the best medicine for women in the world. I was so weak and nervous that I thought I could not live from one day to the next. I had protracted uteri and leucorrhoea and thought I was going into consumption. I would get so faint I thought I would die. I had dragging pains in my back, burning sensation down to my feet, and so many miserable feelings. People said that I looked like a dead woman. Doctors tried to cure me, but failed. I had given up when I heard of the Pinkham medicine. I got a bottle. I did not have much faith in it, but thought I would try it, and it made a new woman of me. I wish I could get every lady in the land to try it, for it did for me what doctors could not do."—MRS. SALLIE CRAIG, Baker's Landing, Pa.

ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKEN.

One Way to Spell Tomatoes, Five to Pronounce It.

One word in its time has many pronunciations. For instance, Mrs. Housekeeper the other day was doing her morning's marketing. With her had come the stranger who was spending a week or two within her gates. Standing by while she snapped the beans between her fingers to see that they were tender, parted the husks to make sure that the corn was ripe, pulled the peas out of their paper wrappings and conducted herself generally after the manner of a careful housewife, was the clerk, order book in hand, and obsequiousness on his brow. The visitor began it with:

"These tomatoes look nice. Get some—there's a dear!"

To which Mrs. Housekeeper replied: "Why, certainly, if you like them!" Then to the clerk: "How much are tomatoes this morning?"

"I'm not sure; I'll ask, Jim," calling to a fellow clerk, "how much is them tomatoes?"

"I'll ask the boss, Say," passing the word further back, "watcher gettin for tomatoes to-day?"

"I'm not sure, O, two baskets for a quarter, I guess."

Therefore, to please her guest who loved "tomatoes," Mrs. Housekeeper invested in some "tomatoes" and Jim, who was investigating the price of "tomatoes" for the benefit of a fellow clerk who wanted to know how to sell "tomatoes," was enlightened as to what he should charge for "t.mats." And the bystander was left marveling at the infinite variety of "English as she is spoke."—Chicago Chronicle.

Where He Agreed with Him.

"What! What!"

The irate old man choked with indignation.

"You want to steal my child from me, to rob me of my daughter? Why sir!"

His rage got the upper hand of him, and he gasped some more—

"Kaseel is no name for you!"

The young man was perfectly calm. "You bet it isn't," he said, slowly, "and if anybody says otherwise there's liable to be trouble."

In the face of such sublime gall what could the old man do?—Puck.

The Blue and the Gray.

Both men and women are apt to feel a little blue, when the gray hairs begin to show. It's a very natural feeling. In the normal condition of things gray hairs belong to advanced age. They have no business whitening the head of man or woman, who has not begun to go down the slope of life. As a matter of fact, the hair turns gray regardless of age, or of life's seasons; sometimes it is whitened by sickness, but more often from lack of care. When the hair fades or turns gray there's no need to resort to hair dyes. The normal color of the hair is restored and retained by the use of

Ayer's Hair Vigor.

Ayer's Curebook. "A story of cures told by the cured." 100 pages, free. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

LAZY LIVER! YOU KNOW WELL ENOUGH HOW YOU FEEL WHEN YOUR LIVER DON'T ACT.

Bile collects in the blood, bowels become constipated, and your whole system is poisoned.

A lazy liver is an invitation for a thousand pains and aches to come and dwell with you. Your life becomes one long measure of irritability, despondency and bad feeling.

ACT DIRECTLY, and in a PECULIARLY HAPPY MANNER ON THE LIVER AND BOWELS, cleansing, purifying, revitalizing every portion of the liver, driving all the bile from the blood, as is soon shown by INCREASED APPETITE for food, power to digest it, and strength to throw off the waste.

ALL DRUGGISTS, 10c, 25c, 50c. MAKE YOUR LIVER LIVELY!

Cascarets

BEFORE THE DAY OF

SAPOLIO

THEY USED TO SAY "WOMAN'S WORK IS NEVER DONE."

FOR SALE PRIVATELY.

I offer for sale privately 273 acres of land, 2 1/2 miles from Paris. Said land has on it a 5-room cottage, stock barn with 12 box-stalls, a good tobacco barn, splendid circular barn for young stock, and other improvements. For terms, apply to

MRS. J. MONROE LEEB,
Box 380, Paris, Ky.
(27aug-6t)

WANTED---RYE, CORN, WHEAT.

Will pay highest market price.
R. B. HUTCHCRAFT
Paris, Ky.
(24aug-4t)

WHEAT FANS FOR SALE.

We have fourteen Wheat Fans that belong to the estate of E. R. Fithian. Will sell at the low price of \$10 each, for cash. This is much less than the wholesale cost price. Formerly retailed at \$26 each. Well adapted for cleaning seed wheat, clover and timothy seeds. Call early and get a bargain.

R. B. HUTCHCRAFT.
(3sep-3wk)

FOR SALE PRIVATELY.

My residence on Henderson street; half square from City School. Seven rooms and kitchen, two porches; large shed in back yard, good cistern, large basement, plenty fruit and shade trees, vines, etc.

L. GRINNAN.

W. O. HINTON, Agent,

Fire, Wind and Storm Insurance.

THE VERY BEST.
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NON-UNION.

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE

ALL persons having claims against the assigned estate of H. Margolen are requested to present them at once properly proven as required by law, to the undersigned, in Paris, Ky. Those knowing themselves indebted to H. Margolen are requested to pay promptly and thereby avoid court cost.

LOUIS SALOSHIN,
Assignee.

HARMON STITT, Attorney.
(11my)

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE

All persons having claims against the assigned estate of T. H. Tarr are hereby notified to present same at once, properly proven to the undersigned or same may be barred by law.

T. E. ASHBROOK,
Assignee of T. H. Tarr.
MANN & ASHBROOK, Attys. (23je)

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE

All persons having claims against the assigned estate of Chas. R. Turner are requested to present them to me at my office in Paris, Ky., properly proven as required by law. Those knowing themselves indebted to the estate are requested to settle promptly and save costs of suit.

HARMON STITT, Assignee.
(29je)

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HOUSE AND LOT AND BLACK-SMITH SHOP FOR SALE.

I DESIRE to sell my house and lot, with blacksmith shop, at Jacksonville, Ky. I will sell for half cash, balance in twelve months. For further particulars, address, or call on

BENJ. F. SHARON,
(13oct-1t) Jacksonville, Ky.

ASSIGNEE'S SALE

OF
Valuable

Bourbon Co. Farm

The undersigned, as assignee of Mrs. Lizzie M. Clay and Sidney D. Clay, will, on

TUESDAY, SEPT. 14, 1897,

at 2 o'clock p. m. sell on the premises to the highest and best bidder the following described real estate, to-wit:

A tract of 163 acres and 1 road of land, lying in Bourbon County, Ky., on the waters of Stoner Creek, about three miles from Paris, and bounded as follows: Beginning at 1, corner to Bayless in the middle of the Lexington & Maysville Turnpike, and running S 46° E 88.16 poles to 2, center of Lexington & Maysville Railroad, then with center of the road N 44° E 44.80 poles to 3, a cowgap in Maysville & Lexington Railroad in Fisher's line; thence N 20° 34' W 105.15 poles to 12, center of said pike; thence S 46° W 15 poles to 13; S 40° W 34.40 poles to 14 the center thereof as it means to the 50 acre lot; thence N 49° W 98.40 poles to 15, a stone now set to the 50 acre lot; thence N 41° E 108° poles to 4 a stone at a large elm, corner to Turner; then N 18° W 48.30 poles to 5, a stake in said Turner's line; thence S 36° 34' West 102.40 poles to 6, corner to Wash Redmon; then N 53° W 40° poles to 7, a stone, corner, in said Redmon's line; thence S 38° W 82.65 poles to 8, the middle of the Redmon pike; then with the middle thereof as it meanders, S 144° E 24 poles to 9, S 12° E 55.28 poles to 10, corner to H. R. Miller; then with said Miller's line in the North side of the pike S 55° E 108 poles to 11, the middle of the Lexington and Maysville pike; then N 40° E 53.44 poles to the beginning.

This sale will be made in compliance with an order of sale made by the Bourbon Circuit Court at its June term 1897 in the action therein pending of Lizzie M. and Sidney D. Clay's assignee against Lizzie M. Clay, etc.

Said sale, being by order of Court, will be without reserve.

TERMS OF SALE:—This property will be sold on a credit of 6 and 12 months for equal parts of the purchase money, and the purchaser will be required to execute bonds with approved security payable to the undersigned and bearing interest at the rate of 6 per cent. from day of sale.

DESCRIPTION OF PROPERTY:—This is one of the best located and best improved small farms in Bourbon County. It lies in the angle of the Maysville & Lexington and Mt. Gilgild and Steele's Ford (Redmon) turnpikes, three miles from Paris and five miles from Millersburg and about 1/4 of a mile from New Forest Station on the Maysville and Lexington railroad. It has on it a modern two-story frame residence of eight rooms, bath-room, and pantry, fronting on the last named pike, a new tobacco barn and a large and commodious stock barn, with all other necessary outbuildings, all in good repair. The farm is well watered and in excellent condition, and a better and more desirable farm cannot be found in Bourbon county. Persons desiring to inspect the property before the day of sale are requested to do so, and for any information about it will apply to the undersigned, or to McMillan & Talbot, attorneys, at Paris, Ky.

WM. MYALL,

Assignee of SIDNEY D. CLAY and LIZZIE M. CLAY.

A. T. FORSYTH, Auctioneer.

PUBLIC SALE

OF A

FINE BLUE-GRASS FARM

NEAR PARIS, KY.

I will offer at public sale on the premises, on

Wednesday, Sept. 15th, 1897, at 10 o'clock a. m., the farm belonging to the estate of Socrates Bowles, deceased, known as the "Goodman Place," and is the same conveyed by E. B. Bishop and Lizzie R. Bishop, his wife, to said Bowles. (See Deed Book 73, page 294, in the Clerk's office of the Bourbon County Court.)

The farm lies four miles east of Paris, Ky., on the Paris & Jacktown turnpike, and contains 293 acres, 3 roads and 39 1/2 poles of first-class bluegrass land, all well fenced and abundantly supplied with everlasting springs and pools for live stock and is mostly now in grass.

The improvements consist of a modern built two-story frame residence situated in a lovely woodland, with lawn extending to the pike, and contains a hall and seven rooms, bath room, kitchen and pantry, a long veranda in front, with rear porches above and below, handsome cabinet mantels and tile hearths in each room, and all handsomely papered, and finished in walnut and cherry. There is a large dry cellar of several rooms with inside and outside entrances; a splendid cistern of pure water at the door. There are four servants' rooms, ice house, barns, stables, carriage-house, meat and poultry houses with yards, and all necessary outbuildings; a fine orchard; in fact, with the location, valuable improvements, and the fertility of its soil, it is one of the most desirable homes in the Bluegrass region of Kentucky.

Mr. N. H. Bayless, of Paris, Ky., will take pleasure in showing the farm to anyone, or will furnish any additional information desired.

TERMS:—One-third cash in hand; one-third March 1, 1898; one-third March 1, 1899—deferred payments to bear interest at six per cent. per annum from day of sale until paid. Possession given immediately after first payment is made.

I will also sell at the same time:

2 extra work mules;

1 cow;

Lot of corn and hay;

Farm implements;

Some furniture etc.

The property of the deceased.

ROBT. L. BOWLES, Executor,
Palmyra, Missour.
A. T. FORSYTH, Auctioneer.

CARLISLE

News Cutled From Precinct County

Monday will be Con- t-day.

Conference conven- Sterling

BORN.—To the wife of J. D. Cray-

craff, of Miranda, on the 5th inst., a son.

Carlisle is soon to have a telephone ex-

change. About twenty phones have

been subscribed for.

The ladies of the Christian Church

will give their usual count day dinner

Monday in the basement of the church.

Mrs. Lou Wills and Erastus Snapp

were discharged last Thursday upon ex-

amining trial for the murder of Geo.

Wilson, colored.—[Mercury.]

The members of the Methodist Church

will serve ice and cakes at the Cassidy

Creek school-house on Saturday night,

Sept. 18. Proceeds for the benefit of the

church. Everybody cordially invited.

The band boys will give an entertain-

ment at the Mozart Hall tomorrow

night. "More Sinned Against Than

Sinning" is the title of the drama. The

boys will reproduce this play at Mt.

Olivet one night during the fair.

The Mercury says: "Mr. James Barr

has raised his assignment and resumed

control of his affairs. He pays all his

debts and has the home place and grow-

ing crops left. Attorney Benj. Henry

took great interest in straightening

affairs out for Mr. Barr, and we rejoice

that our friend Barr is again on his

feet."

Yesterday's Temperature.

THE following is the temperature as

noted yesterday by A. J. Winters & Co.,

of this city:

7 a. m. 67

8 a. m. 70

9 p. m. 72

10 a. m. 79

11 a. m. 82 1/2

12 m. 85

2 p. m. 89

3 p. m. 92

4 p. m. 92 1/2

6 p. m. 85

7 p. m. 80

LANCASTER & NORTHCOTT, agents,

will sell a four-room cottage on Convent

Heights, Saturday, at 2:30 p. m. Don't

miss this auction sale. (2t)

Special Notice.

MRS. PARRISH's classes in music will

begin for the Fall term, on Monday,

Sept. 6th. For terms and other particu-

lars, apply at Mrs. Parrish's residence,

on High Street. (30aug-4t)

Ready-made sheets, bolster

and pillow cases, at Frank &

Co's.

One pint tin cup, one cent.

One quart tin cup, two cents.

Two quart tin cups, three cents.

(1t) COOK & WINN.

FRANKFORT & CINCINNATI RY.

In Effect March 1, 1897.

DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY.

EAST BOUND.

Lve Frankfort. 6:30am 3:30pm

Arr Elkhorn. 6:45am 3:45pm

Arr Centerville. 7:00am 3:50pm

Arr Stamping Ground. 7:15am 4:05pm

Arr Duvalis. 7:30am 4:20pm

Arr Georgetown. 7:45am 4:35pm

Lve Georgetown. 8:00am 4:50pm

Arr Newtown. 8:15am 5:05pm

Arr Centerville. 8:30am 5:20pm

Arr Elizabethtown. 8:45am 5:35pm

Arr Frankfort. 9:00am 5:50pm

WEST BOUND.

Lve Paris. 9:20am 6:30pm

Arr Elizabethtown. 9:35am 6:45pm

Arr Centerville. 9:50am 7:00pm

Arr Newtown. 10:05am 7:15pm

Arr Georgetown. 10:20am 7:30pm

Lve Georgetown. 10:35am 7:45pm

Arr Duvalis. 10:50am 8:00pm

Arr Stamping Ground. 11:05am 8:15pm

Arr Frankfort. 11:20am 8:30pm

GEO. B. HARPER, C. D. BERCAW,
Gen'l Supt., Gen'l Pass. Agt.,
FRANKFORT, KY.

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Wright's Celery Tea regulates the liver and kidneys, cures constipation and sick headache. 25c at all druggists

Piles! Piles! Piles!

Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment will cure Blind Bleeding, Ulcerated and Itching Piles. It absorbs the tumors, allays the itching, and acts as a poultice, gives instant relief. Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment is prepared only for Piles and Itching of the private parts, and nothing else. Every box is guaranteed. Sold by druggists, sent by mail for 50c, and \$1 per box. WILLIAMS' PILE OINTMENT, Proprietors, Cleveland, O. For sale by W. T. Brooks, druggist, (24ly-56-ly)

SHERMAN STIVERS has taken the agency for the Cincinnati Daily Times-Star, a most excellent paper, and will have it delivered to subscribers in any part of the city for six cents per week. He solicits your subscription. (tf)

L. & N. Rates To Nashville.

Tenn. Centennial and International Exposition, Nashville, Tenn., May 1st to Oct. 31st, '97. L. & N. will sell tickets at following rates for the round trip: April 28 to Oct. 15th, final limit Nov. 7, \$12.60. April 29 to Oct. 30, final limit 15 days, from date of sale, \$9.25. April 27 to Oct. 30, final limit 7 days including date of sale, \$7.60.

F. B. CARR, Agt.

New Laundry Agency.

I HAVE secured the agency for the Winchester Power Laundry—a first-class institution—and solicit a share of the public patronage. Work or orders left at Clarke & Clay's drug-store will receive immediate attention. Work called for and delivered promptly. Respectfully, BRUCE HOLLADAY.

(16ap-1t)

Wright's Celery Tea

tion, sick headache

OPTICIAN

L. H. Landman, M. D.,

Of No. 503 W. Ninth Street, Cincinnati

Ohio,

Will be at the Windsor Hotel, Paris,

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TUESDAY, SEPT. 14TH, 1897,

returning every second Tuesday in each

month.

Optician Landman

has been visiting this

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